JOHN BULL

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[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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PLAIN WORDS TO THE PREMIERS.

We hope the Colonial Premiers are having a good time. If dinners, and speeches, and gush are to their liking, they must be hard to please if they are not satisfied. Perhaps, being plain men, but shrewd withal, they would think more of us if we were less effusive. We are not very clear as to what they will try to do at the Conference, or what the Government will want them to do. We fancy they are not very clear themselves as to it. Of course they will chat over things, and their confabulations may lead to some small results. But the more important issues will be shirked, or shelved. "The British Empire," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, just before he left Canada, "can be maintained, and can rest only on the idea that every one of the nations which comprise it must be allowed to determine for itself what is best for that nation." A noteworthy declaration. If each "nation" is to determine its own policy, irrespective of the wants and wishes of the Mother Country, what becomes of the unity of the Empire? The interests of the sister "nations" are by no means always identical with those of the Mother Country.

No doubt there will be a good deal of talk about preferential tariffs. Perhaps the Premiers will be a little less cryptic than they have been hitherto. "What preference can be and ought to be granted by Australia," said Mr. Deakin, at the Australasian merchants' annual banquet, "will be proposed, if we are encouraged so to do, by Australia." By all means let us have the offer. It is what we have been asking for this many a day. But what is the encouragement to be? Mr. Deakin was discreetly silent. Sir Joseph Ward has been more communicative; but he seems a little at sea. "It is essential," said he the other day, "to the well-being both of the United Kingdom and His Majesty's dominions beyond the seas, that in the United Kingdom preferential rates of duty on Colonial products now taxable shall be conceded." Presumably Sir Joseph Ward speaks more particularly for his own colony. But what are the products from New Zealand that are taxed by Great Britain? Tea, sugar, coffee, cocoa, raisins, currants, tobacco, wines, spirits—these are the colonial products we tax. New Zealand exports none of them. The British Customs do not collect as much as a penny piece from New Zealand. The same with Newfoundland. South Africa pays—to take the figures of a recent year—£17,000; Canada, £36,000; Australia, £145,000. All told, the countries represented at the Conference by the six Premiers paid less than £200,000—to be exact, £198,000. On the other hand, Ceylon—which is not represented at the Conference—pays between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000 to our Customs upon a single product. Or, to put it in another way. Much is made of the Canadian preferential duty. Some of Mr. Balfour's followers become quite hysterical when they speak of Canada's noble sacrifice of duties in order that Great Britain may have an advantage over the foreigner. Of course we are grateful for it, and it has been of some little use to us, but we happen to have before us the Canadian official report of the Department of Trade and Commerce for 1906, and we find that against the $180,000, or thereabouts, levied by England on Canadian products, Canada, despite the Preferential tariff, of which we have heard *ad nauseam*, last year levied duties upon British imports to the tune of $12,944,249. Alas! that rhetoric and facts know so little of each other.

From our side of the table the main object will be, as it was at the last Conference, to induce the "nations" to pay a larger portion of the cost of Imperial defence. It will be effort wasted. As it is, Canada and Newfoundland pay nothing, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier's French supporters will not allow him to offer anything, whilst Sir Robert Bond, a very lukewarm supporter of the British connection, would not if he could. Australia pays a modest £200,000, and wants to break her undertaking. New Zealand is the only willing payer, but thinks her £40,000 entitles her to call upon the British Navy to force the French out of the New Hebrides, and keep the seas her way free of foreign taint. Probably Lord Elgin will suggest some sort of permanent council. He is not likely to get it, and if the Premiers agree to it, it can only be advisory. We must face realities and see things whole. The unity of the Empire, as the late Mr. Forster dreamed of it, as Mr. Chamberlain dreams of it, is impossible. The ocean forbids it.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The career of the Government, so far, is in complete harmony with what Disraeli described as "the old-fashioned methods: the first year you do nothing; the second year you talk of doing something; the third year you do something—and succeed; the fourth you do something—and fail; the fifth year you spend in discussing whether it was a failure or not; the sixth year you go to the country, who pronounces that it was." Let us hope that next year the Government may do something successful, even if it be destined to carry out the rest of the scheme. The fact is, the Government began the Session with too ambitious a programme, though this was scarcely to be avoided, in view of the many sections clamouring to be satisfied. The party is, indeed, so heterogeneous that it has become unwieldy. It reminds us of the Coalition of 1853, described by Disraeli as "resembling the ark, into which creatures of the most opposite species walked two by two." If anything practical is ever to be done, we must have elimination, reconstruction, and concentration. Sir Henry would do well to try a Pride's purge, applying the dose in the first instance to the Cabinet.

We recently awarded a "Biscuit" to the Rev. Mr. Waldron, Vicar of Brixton, for stating that there are not two men of note in this country to-day who are Atheists; and we have since been challenged to justify our award. Of course, Atheists, as a body, do not go about the world flaunting their opinions. Most of them, like the Secularists, regard the matter of a man's religion or non-religion as a purely personal affair; but it is very foolish of Mr. Waldron to take advantage of this fact to please his flock. Who was it who once said that the ugliest truth is more beautiful than the most beautiful lie? Mr. Waldron has himself described the most militant Freethinker of the day, Mr. G. W. Foote, as "a brilliant writer and speaker"; whilst, if we accept the authoritative definition of an Atheist as "a man (*every* man) who does not believe in a Supreme Personal Being, or a Personal God," what about Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Dr. Conan Doyle? Or, Dr. A. Russel Wallace, and Mr. Edward Clodd, and Eden Phillpots, and Joseph McCabe? Or Mr. John Morley, and Mr. John Burns, and Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P.?

No, there is no good purpose to be served by denying the fact that whilst men do, and probably always will, cling to a faith in a future life and in some system of reward and punishment after death; whilst every man who realises the awful magnitude and mystery of the universe of which he is less, in a relative sense, than an unmicroscopic microbe—whilst his puny, feeble intellect stands aghast and dumbfounded at the incomprehensible attributes of time and space—so long will he say, in his helplessness, there *is* a God. But the idea of a purely personal being is the natural creation of his own nature, of his mental limitations and vision. It is neither great, nor glorious, nor divine—but whether right or wrong, we know not. The Atheist says wrong. The Secularist says: "I don't know, and I don't concern myself with the problem; I will act as my reason and my heart tell me is right; I'll be a good citizen—the world shall be my country, mankind my brethren, and to do good my religion—thus shall I be a good man, and I'll leave my future fate, if there be one, at that." And who, with his eyes open, shall deny that *that* religion, at least, is spreading?

The Rev. C. F. Aked, of Liverpool, has now departed to administer permanent spiritual consolation to the metallurgical Rockefeller, who is a Hard-shell Baptist every Sunday and a rock-oil Baptist all the rest of the week. On his departure, Mr. Aked was presented with his portrait in oils, an illuminated address, and a purse of sovereigns. As he stepped aboard ship he sent off a telegram to the members of the Fifth Avenue Chapel, saying, "I am coming to America because America has drawn me." This world is full of persons who sit in the seat of the scornful—the sceptic, the reviler, and the cynic. These may retort that Mr. Aked is going to America because of what he can draw from it. "Father is praying for guidance, and mother is packing the boxes," runs the old story. Whatever may be the rev. gentleman's salary as the keeper of that attenuate intangibility which Rockefeller calls his conscience, the odds are a million sterling to a quarter of a pound of Lipton's fine cheddar that he won't be a loser on pay day. Mr. Aked started in this life as an auctioneer, and naturally he favours the highest bidder. Good luck to him, anyway. If he can convert Rockefeller he will have earned his screw.

There is one institution (and probably not much more than one) which we might imitate with advantage from the United States. That is what is known as the Post Office Fraud Order. Steps should, and could easily, be taken to prevent all fraudulent firms from making use of the national Post Office. The authorities could very soon draw up a list of the various home employment thieves, free watch tricksters, welshing bookmakers and other harpies who prey upon the innocence of the poor. If they had any difficulty in obtaining names, they would only need to consult the advertisement columns of Lord Northcliffe's publications. Once such a list had been drawn up, instructions could be given to postmasters to return all communications addressed to these gentry, endorsing them with the word FRAUD. Now then, Mr. Buxton!

A contemporary, dealing with the alleged egotism of members of Parliament, says that, if you talk to one about the solar system, the new theology, or the binomial theorem in the Lobby, "the hon. gentleman within five minutes will have brought the conversation round to himself." Well, he probably knows the subject better. We should probably not talk at all if anybody button-holed us and tried to heckle us about the binomial theorem. It sounds so immoral.

The agitation in favour of Grogan and Co., who flogged some natives for alleged disrespect at Nairobi, seems absurd and mischievous. Natives will never be induced to respect our administration if individuals are allowed to take the law into their own hands. It is not a question of white supremacy, but of doing things decently and in order. If natives commit offences, we need have no fear that they will not receive condign punishment at the hands of the East African authorities. We do not wish to imitate the barbarous methods of the Congo Free State.

There seems to be no limit to the eccentricities of Lord Northcliffe's young men. They gravely announce that "in view of the forthcoming abolition of the senior wranglership at Cambridge, the competition for this year's honours is likely to be very keen. Evidently Trinity are making a big effort to level up, as they have entered 16 candidates for this year's tripos, whereas St. John's have entered only three." The *Daily Mirror* is evidently unaware that the senior wrangler is merely the man who comes out head of the Mathematical Tripos; that most undergraduates decide on their Tripos when they first come up to Cambridge, *i.e.*, three years before the examination; and that 16 would be a very small number of candidates from Trinity. We expect to hear next that, in view of the probable suppression of horse-racing, the competition for this year's Derby is to be exceptionally keen, and that the Editor of John Bull has entered no less than one candidate.

"Prince Edward of Wales is among the candidates

who have passed the qualifying examination for cadetships in the Royal Navy," we read in our daily paper. The junior members of the Royal Family are either exceptionally clever, or exceptionally lucky. They are never "plucked," no matter how stiff the examination. There is no doubt that Great Britain is peculiarly fortunate in the intellectual calibre of its Royal Family.

According to a return just issued, the cost of civil government in England and Wales is £17,898,000. That is to say, it costs every man, woman, and child in England and Wales 10s. 5¾d. a head for officialdom, and nobody outside Colney Hatch and the Government service would pretend that either man, woman, or child get value for the money. On the contrary, by far the larger proportion of the money is frittered away on useless officials, wasteful business methods, and red-tape factories. In a public Department it always takes two or three men to do the work normally done by one in a private establishment. Even then the three have abundant time to twiddle thumbs and watch the clock. Nobody in this country wants ten-and-fivepence worth of civil government in a year, and he certainly would not get it if he did—not for ten-and-five; it would cost him thirty-one-and-threepence at the very least. At present, about eighteen penn'orth of civil government is what we get for our money, and it is not always so very civil at that. If you don't believe it, read your demand notes and argue with your rate collector.

Dr. Dawson Burns has produced his hardy annual on the National Drink Bill. The learned divine gives us, as usual, his view of the figures for the year. They are always interesting. This year they show that some of us have had an extra glass or two, but as the increase over 1905 is only equivalent to threepence halfpenny per head of the population, no one need feel seriously alarmed. Still, Dr. Burns has made some interesting discoveries. He finds that "the drink bill is paid by those who consume the drinks." We are glad to hear it. Our own experience has not always been in that direction, and we shall have to change our methods. The reverend doctor has also discovered that "the drink bill is a voluntary tax." Good health to the consumers, say we. May they live long to impose (and pay) the "voluntary tax." Personally, we know of no more agreeable way of paying a tax than having a drink with a congenial friend. It's much pleasanter than having the money extracted by an unsympathetic Government official.

Dr. Burns, of course, calls upon the State for further legislation "to remove or reduce *public* temptation to indulgence." That's just the way of these fanatics. Remove *public* temptations—and increase private ones. Close the beershop early and let the drink be consumed in the home and the club. Drive the thing out of sight and you have *cured* it. We presume that Dr. Burns is an admirer of the late Mr. Gladstone. Let him ponder these words of that dead man: "The reduction in the number of public-houses, if looked upon in the light of a remedy for the evil of drink, is little less than an imposture." Let him look at the statistics of both drunkenness and crime, and he will find that they are in inverse ratio to the number of licensed houses. The explanation is simple—every public vice thrives in inverse proportion to the amount of its public control.

Then the reverend doctor evidently does not read the *Lancet*, or he would not say that all forms of indulgence in alcohol "are powerless for good and powerful for evil." Lecturing on "Insanity" before the Royal College of Physicians, Dr. Savage said "he had been surprised at the number of teetotalers consulting him; it showed that teetotalism did not decrease insanity." This, taken in conjunction with the recent medical pro-alcohol manifesto, should set even Dr. Burns thinking.

At any rate, it is having that effect upon the mind of the Government, for rumour is exceedingly busy just now to the effect that, owing to "lack of time," and other thin excuses, no heroic measure of Licensing Reform will see the light this session. Clubs, we are told, are to be the immediate concern of the Ministry, but here again there will be trouble. Working men will not submit to having *their* clubs placed under police supervision and licensing control unless the Carlton and the Reform are similarly treated. And we don't blame them.

We hear that "C.-B." was nearly run over in Paris. The Paris jehu seems to get worse instead of better. If there is a crazier driver of horseflesh in this world, it would be interesting to hear of him. Nobody ever knows which way he is coming. At the first sight of a pedestrian who looks "likely," about twenty cochers swoop down to catch him just as he is in the middle of a crossway, and if that pedestrian does not get run over or scared out of his wits, it may be regarded as a special intervention of Providence. The Entente Cordiale is a valuable instrument of civilisation, and if our neighbours across Channel would only provide themselves with a new breed of cocher, that Entente would be vastly strengthened.

We have already confessed that we know nothing and care less about Army and Navy reform. If it be a necessary condition of civilisation that men should now and then fly at each other's throats and shoot and stab each other to death, our only concern is that they should do it by the quickest and cleanest means. Hence, we have been quite unable to follow the recent discussions upon Army reform. We are equally at a loss to know what constitutes a "military expert." Apparently, it consists solely in the capacity to criticise everything, and solve nothing. Lord Lansdowne was a military expert; Mr. Brodrick was a military expert; Mr. Arnold-Forster was a military expert—but none of them reformed anything, and each of them bungled everything—and now we have an elaborate criticism from the elegant Mr. Wyndham, who was at one time something more or less ornamental in the Coldstream Guards, and who thinks, or pretends to think, that it is desirable to retain the Yeomanry, the Volunteers, and the Militia as independent units, instead of co-ordinating them into one composite whole. Is not it about time that the "military experts" of both parties met at a round table conference and agreed upon some common basis of reform? It would not be as poetic a gathering as the Hague Conference, but it would have the merit of being practical.

If the new Compensation Act does nothing else it will certainly benefit the insurance companies. Latest news is that "vicars are hastening to insure their curates and choir boys, while lunatic asylums are taking out policies to cover their assistants." Whatever the case of servants in lunatic asylums, we are disposed to doubt whether curates are within the meaning of the Act—except, perhaps, upon the *a fortiori* principle. However, one hypothetical case might raise a point. Supposing a curate falls downstairs and injures himself while leaving the pulpit, does the accident happen in the course of his employment? Or, if he fell over a lady wearing ringlets and broke his heart while engaged in the strenuous game of croquet, would his vicar be liable for compensation? Whilst these and other knotty points are being settled, insurance companies will pocket hundreds of thousands of pounds and their canvassers will reap a rich harvest. Who says that a Liberal Government is not good for trade?

Our differences with General Booth are many and varied. But this does not prevent us from offering to him hearty congratulations on the attainment of his seventy-eighth birthday. Whether he has succeeded much or little in the work he has set himself to do, there is no question that he is one of those vital forces,

sincere, enthusiastic, real and not sham, which has left the impress of great endeavour on his day and generation. Twenty years ago, and less, it was a common thing to hear that General Booth was a fraud and a humbug, and that he was making a fine thing personally out of the Army. That tongue is silenced. Be the governmental methods of what Huxley called "Corybantic Christianity" open to what criticism and objection they may, most people now are charitably disposed towards the "General" personally. True, the Salvation Army's accounts are less luminous than they might be, just as the officers are treated in a less Christian spirit than they might be; but to-day the honesty of the General's work, both in purpose and accomplishment, is never questioned. We hope he will see many more birthdays, and enjoy them in the way which best pleases him. He is one of our Grand Old Men.

What is a teetotal drink? At a London police-court the other day a defendant said he had been drinking port wine because he was a teetotaler. No doubt water is teetotal, also some forms of balloon juice; but it is news to us that port is one of the beverages approved by the high priests of the cult of the utterly too too. It certainly was appreciated by Dr. Johnson. In his day, and later, to get drunk on port was, next to Paradise, an ideal state of ecstacy. But the times change, and with them comes the sophisticator, so that what is port in the bottle is not always port in the barrel. Whatever else it is, however, experts inform us that it is not a beverage for those who curse "the traffic in strong drink," nor is it to be drunk in large quantities by those who are likely to meet a policeman on their way home, fine and fruity though it be. Medicinally, port may be taken as a sleeping draught, say half a bottle after dinner, but gentlemen inclined to excess of uric acid should beware. By-the-bye, it is a delusion to suppose that the best is always to be had "in choirs and places where they sing." Wine equally red and fruity may often be purchased at the grocers at the small sum of one-and-six the quart bottle, prices ruling cheaper on taking a quantity.

Speaking of the nobler beverages, it is no secret that the gentleman indicated by Mr. H. C. Lea in the House of Commons as "occupying rooms in St. James's Palace and appearing to be interested in recommending a particular brand of champagne to the world," is Colonel Kingscote, Gentleman of His Majesty's Wine Cellars, late Moet and Chandon's London agent, and now "interested" in the business of Messrs. G. H. Mumm, of Rheims. Of course it is an old story, and many people may think in such case that Mumm's the word. Colonel Kingscote is one of the King's servants, receiving a nominal salary; and if, as a fact, he makes use of his position to tout in aristocratic and Court circles in behalf of a special brand of champagne to the exclusion of others, or, whether in exclusion of others or not, that may be supposed to be the King's affair. His Majesty is one of the most tactful of monarchs, and it seems almost impossible that Colonel Kingscote would be allowed to misuse or improperly trade his Royal service. He was at one time partner in the firm which had the London agency of Moet and Chandon. When he severed his connection with it, he went into the King's service, and certainly from that time Moet and Chandon were gazetted out of the list of Royal warrant-holders, and no more of their wine was ordered. What lies behind all this is more or less a matter of asides and whispers. It is not in any case a public matter, the colonel's salary being paid out of the King's privy purse.

The Neath magistrates have inflicted fines and costs upon some boys for playing marbles on Sunday. "The nuisance," said the chairman, "must be stopped—it annoyed people going to church." Why should it? And even if it does, what an excuse for fining the boys!

The King granted permission for nearly 800 Lancashire lads to visit Windsor Castle on Good Friday, but owing to the opposition of the clergy the visit had to be abandoned. "What Lancashire —(and the King)— thinks to-day," we hope "all England will think to-morrow."

The whirligig of time brings its revenges, and the apotheosis of Lord Rosebery as "a croaking raven," concurrently with Lulu Harcourt's accession to Cabinet rank, is especially gratifying to those who know how the burly "Sir William" was jockeyed out of the Premiership. Who knows what future encounters may be in store between, say, a Curzon and a Harcourt?

More than fifty years ago, not to put too fine a point on it, Mr. Carnegie's company robbed two inventive Frenchmen of the rolling mill patents. One of these, M. Brislin, has just died from shock on hearing that Mr. Carnegie's conscience has pricked him at last, and that he had promised justice should be done. What puzzles us is to know what M. Brislin could have done with a free library if he had lived. The problem bristles with difficulties.

Describing a recent hockey match between an English and a French school, a sporting writer tells us that the French boys kept crying out "En avance! en avance!" It is a truly remarkable ethnological fact that, after a sojourn of a few hours in this country they should have contrived to forget their own language. We wonder if a team of English boys would yell, "In advance! in advance!" if they went over to play in France. The experiment is worth making.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 246.

For advertising The Entr'acte *(which is now dead) as a "Real, Live, Music-hall Paper,"*

THE EDITOR OF *JUDY*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 247.

For saying "Men are growing too shy or scared to propose,"

MRS. LEONARD MARSHALL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 248.

For saying "The machine gun is powerful, but a united working class can spike it,"

MR. KEIR HARDIE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 249.

For stating that the Wandsworth Guardians annually have a "valuable collection of unclaimed jewellery, etc.," to dispose of and that this year's sale "realised £23,"

THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 250.

For announcing that Robert Maysbeth, a young seaman, went on a five months' voyage in October, 1906, and returned in March, 1906,

THE EDITOR OF THE *NEWS OF THE WORLD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 251.

For calling Mr. Cooper "the wife of the Streatham pianotuner,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *STAR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 252.

For announcing, with solemn emphasis, that, "though not yet twenty-seven, Lord Howard de Walden has gone through Eton and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *TATLER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE INCOME-TAX:

III.—The Grand Inquisitors of Income-tax and How to Deal with Them.

By T. Hallett Fry, Barrister-at-Law.

A suggestion which has been mooted before is that the ordinary general commissioners should sit and decide cases in a district other than that, and distant from that, in which they themselves reside. The adoption of this course would, at any rate, reduce the disadvantages of the system presently obtaining, but it could not be claimed that all would disappear by the mere change of location. Probably a better suggestion is that, in lieu of the present Court of General Commissioners, an appeal should be afforded for dissatisfied taxpayers to an official corresponding to a revising barrister, who should be an itinerant, and come fresh to all the causes, a stranger alike to surveyor, appellant, and cause. Such a, let us say, revising barrister should be specially informed in matters appertaining to income-tax, and this being the case, together with the advantages before mentioned, his decisions would be accepted with a greater measure of satisfaction than are those of the general commissioners.

With the advent of the new court, and the exit of the amateur tribunal, many of the decisions which have been given in the past, and from which appeal was unobtainable, should become sheer impossibilities. Moreover, the taxpayer would feel less irritation at the impost of the income-tax, and much greater readiness to submit his difficulties to the arbitration of the court, and a more thorough satisfaction at the decision given, whatever it might be. At any rate, the system of appealing to commissioners has broken down, and taxpayers should not be deterred from the adjustment of their very real grievances by the feeling that justice cannot be obtained at the hands of a court, in which the preponderating influence is generally that of the Surveyor of Taxes, who represents the Crown and its interests.

SOMERSET HOUSE ADMINISTRATION.

Against the administration of the head office there is but little to say. However, in certain particulars it might be improved, and some consideration will now be given to the matter.

JOINT SHAREHOLDINGS.

Wherever shares are held by two or more persons in the joint names, there is a good deal of difficulty in getting justice done to the various beneficiaries. This applies in a small degree where the beneficiaries reside here in England, but where they reside abroad the treatment is bad indeed, and the Revenue Department require actual legal documentary evidence that each claimant is the beneficiary owner of the securities in respect of which he claims repayment. Where such legal document is not in existence, then the Inland Revenue flatly refuses to recognise the claims of the beneficiaries in respect of their income, however small, and the claims are accordingly thrown out and no repayment made. Often this involves the greatest hardship, and it seems intolerable that, contrary to the law of the land, such repayment should be refused, although the remedy is far to seek, as no individual case is so important as to justify heavy expenditure in law costs.

TRUSTEE CLAIMS.

Beneficiaries under trusts who reside in England also consider they have a small grievance in that, if they have been in the habit of receiving, say, £50 per annum out of the trust funds, and such £50 has not suffered deduction of income-tax at the hands of the trustees, who, be it noted, have paid indirectly all the tax due, then they (the beneficiaries) are not allowed to consider this a "free of tax distribution. Consequently, no repayment of income-tax is allowed to them, despite the fact that this £50 may be the sole income possessed by the beneficiaries.

BANK INTEREST CLAIMS.

Under this heading grievances much more serious and important must be sketched. There is no doubt that every possible obstacle is often placed in the way of a bank interest payer who desires to recover income-tax upon the amount thereof, although there is no reason to doubt that he has suffered very heavily at the hands of the Inland Revenue. A case is as follows:—The banker receiving interest pays tax upon the full amount thereof, therefore anything the individual has paid to the banker has been fully taxed. But now let us consider the case of the individual himself, and let us suppose for a moment that his total income is £500 per annum, and that he has paid to his banker, for instance, the same sum, namely, £500. In this case which is, of course, an extreme instance (but which points the moral) the taxpayer will have paid in the ordinary way income-tax upon his £500, and the whole of the same £500 will have been paid away to his banker, the net result being that the taxpayer who has no income at all has paid tax upon £500, and if he is unable to recover the amount of the tax from the Inland Revenue, the latter benefits to the extent of £25, namely, 1s. in the pound on £500. In addition, the Inland Revenue receives tax from the banker upon £500 in respect of this transaction.

To give a case in point. The writer was once instructed in the case of a gentleman who had formed a habit of losing annually in tax alone many hundreds of pounds, and who was then seeking to recover a sum of £1,200. The magnitude of this claim stirred the Inland Revenue Department to its depths, and obstacle after obstacle was placed in the way of the claimant. The claim was absolutely regular, and no difficulties whatever should have been encountered; but many years previously he (with others) had floated a company, and, in order to, if possible, stop the payment of the big claim, an income-tax inspector demanded that the whole of the details of the transactions which had resulted in the said business of some seven years previously, should be divulged to him, and that if this was not done "he would take good care that the claim was never paid out." Now here was an anomalous state of affairs; a claim undoubtedly regular was blocked in an entirely illegal fashion by a revenue officer, who desired to get all the credit he could for his smartness. But observe his method. He was attempting to get some amount of tax which he assumed should have been paid seven years previously in reference to a commercial deal, notwithstanding the fact that any claim for tax due at so distant an epoch was totally and entirely illegal, and the further fact that no profit was made out of the said deal at all, but owing to the long period of time intervening, it was very difficult to prove conclusively. However, the gentleman principally concerned was not prepared to sit down under such treatment, and determined immediately to contest the matter in the courts, and spare neither money nor time to force a settlement. The result in this case was entirely satisfactory, as by proper representation to the Board of Inland Revenue the repayment was promptly made. Now this case ended happily, but mark what it means to the public, who know but little of revenue ins and outs, and how that sometimes the action of even a superior official can be checked by determined resistance and report elsewhere. *Such officials get preferment!*

(*To be concluded in our next issue.*)

IN THE CITY.

THE ZINC CORPORATION.

LET US HAVE THE TRUTH.

Had the Broken Hill Proprietary report to November last appeared earlier this year we might have been spared the boom, and consequently the subsequent slump in the shares of the Zinc Corporation. Certainly the Proprietary Company's experience with its process for the treatment of zinc tailings suggests that the last word has yet to be said on that phase of mining extraction. The plant was installed as long ago as 1904, and inspired statements as to its complete success have appeared from time to time. Yet in 1906 121,000 tons of tailings treated produced 32,000 tons of concentrates as compared with 113,376 tons of tailings for 28,276 tons of concentrates in the previous twelve months—a reduced instead of an improved ratio of extraction. No idea of working costs is furnished by the report, and from this it may be safely assumed that the net showing is not impressive.

With regard to Zincs, is it not time that Messrs. Bewick Moreing came forward with some definite assurance to those who, trusting solely to that firm's reputation, bought the shares three months ago in the neighbourhood of 50s.? Thousands of transfers have, in the meantime, been passed through the company's offices, and the directors are well aware of the mischief that has been caused by the official policy—how practically the whole of the capital has been transferred from Colonial and other big holders, who presumably know the real facts, into the hands of British investors who have only the news as published by the London office to guide them. When the shares first commenced to fall from 50s., various sinister rumours commenced to gain circulation. These were promptly enough contradicted by official cablegrams from Broken Hill declaring that there was no truth whatever in any suggestions as to the plant proving a failure. As soon as Mr. Hoover reached the other side the manager was suspended; but again shareholders were assured officially that there was no cause for anxiety. By that time the shares had tumbled to 30s., and they have since fallen to well under par, although the only further news published in London is that while it is now admitted that the original process—the success of which was assured two months previously—is a failure, it has been adapted by simple means into another process which is "a proved success." What is the truth?

If the new process be a genuine success, Zincs are worth anything from £5 to £7 per share; yet at this moment London operators with Colonial sources of information are still bearing the shares as they were doing when the quotation was more than double its present level. It is only those who believe in and are still trusting to Messrs. Bewick Moreing who have been buying, and who are still holding. Only three weeks ago Mr. C. A. Moreing gave utterance to most favourable views in an interview in the *Financial Times*, but this only steadied the shares for a few days, while the averaging purchases of his followers counteracted temporarily the steady stream of realisation on Colonial account and by the big holders. If a huge mistake has been made the sooner this is admitted the less will be the responsibility which will, in that event, fall upon a firm which we freely admit has, during recent years, done much to merit the confidence which investors here have throughout the zinc slump evinced in its ability and its integrity.

MR. F. C. KERRY AND GUANO CONCESSIONS.

Our readers may remember an amusing case tried at the Old Bailey last year, in which Mr. Thos. Caradoc Kerry was arraigned on a charge of making away with various articles entrusted to him by charitable folk for transmission to the Tristan d'Acunha islanders. Mr. Kerry, who has had many experiences in the Courts, from which, it is fair to say, he has always emerged triumphant, was found not guilty, the case against him being pooh-poohed by Mr. Justice Grantham, and the jury having no difficulty in taking the Judge's view. The origin of this trip of Mr. Kerry's to Tristan d'Acunha was in this way. Mr. Kerry, who is a well-known explorer, went to the Colonial Office, told them that he had a yacht in which he was going to the island, and offered to take a batch of mails and anything that the charitable might entrust to him, and suggested, as some sort of compensation, and also to cover other services which he undertook to perform, that the Government should give him the right to work two adjacent and uninhabited islands, and take away any deposits of guano he might find there. The Government agreed, and Mr. Kerry got his concession, which he has since been trying to sell in the City and elsewhere.

The guano is of poor quality, but it is believed to have value. Its exact value, however, is doubtful, as is the quantity of it to be got on the islands. One well-known merchant in Liverpool offered Mr. Kerry £1,000 unconditionally, with much else, dependent upon good reports of the guano deposits, he (the merchant) bearing all the expenses of the inquiry; but this Mr. Kerry declined. Afterwards he nearly completed the sale of his interests in the concession to a London firm, who, as we have been informed, offered him £35,000, but Mr. Kerry standing out for £40,000, the negotiation fell through.

Mr. Kerry is still on the look-out for a purchaser, but we suggest that he has nothing to sell. It is not that guano is not to be found on the islands, or that it is not valuable—it is Mr. Kerry's title that is the trouble. We have reason to know that Mr. Winston Churchill, as representing the Government, takes up the position that the concession is forfeited by failure of Mr. Kerry to carry out the conditions upon which it was granted, and we have seen documents which, in our judgment, support this view. Anyway, it is the view of the Government, and although Mr. Kerry may pooh-pooh it, we suggest that before he goes further in negotiations for the sale of his rights he should make certain, as he very easily may do, by reference to the Colonial Office and to counsel, that he has rights to sell.

J. McDONALD AND CO.

In our issue of April 13th, and under the head of "Some More of Them," we directed attention to complaints we had received from correspondents in Bradford and Huddersfield respecting the persons trading as J. McDonald and Co., of 24, Finsbury Square, E.C. Further enquiries have satisfied us that the person who works this fraudulent business is a man named Joseph Goodman, who has been preying upon traders for the last twenty years. Those of our readers who may wish for fuller particulars than we have space to give at the moment should read our contemporary, the *Draper*, of July 30th, 1904, and August 6th of the same year. In those two issues they will find a record of this man's doings which may be accepted as absolutely correct. We have made enquiries as to his life during the period that has elapsed since the *Draper* exposed him, and we find that he has pursued his old trade of taking premises, pretending to do legitimate business, scooping in whatever monies can be got, and then decamping. Among other things, he has gone into the Bankruptcy Court, and is at the present time an undischarged bankrupt. Since 1904 he has been mixed up with half a dozen shady concerns, and J. McDonald and Co. is neither better nor worse than the rest of them.

We have said enough to warn traders not to have any dealings with this person, or, if they do, to take care that they get cash before they part with their goods. There is something wrong in our criminal law and Government administration that makes it possible for a man of this kind to go on year after year defrauding traders, using various aliases for the purpose of raking in considerable sums of money, flitting from address to address, oftener than not leaving his rent unpaid, swindling in a dozen different ways, and yet being allowed to walk the streets a free man.

THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO TRUST.

Referring to this matter a well-informed correspondent writes:—

> I have been very much interested in your recent articles in JOHN BULL on the Imperial Tobacco Company, Limited, and the freezing out process of this "Trust."
>
> Not only have this Company affected the manufacturers

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SOMETHING NEW.—Many people residing far from centres experience difficulty in raising a few pounds ready cash. THOMSON BROS., Pawnbrokers, established over 100 years, lend sums, small and large, against Jewellery, etc., sent them by post. Low interest charged (2s. 6d. per month for £10). Cash by return. Carriage paid both ways. London addresses: 158, High Street, Borough; 200, The Grove, Stratford; 8, Roman Road, Barnsbury. Bankers, London and County. Please quote this paper.

and retailers of this country, but I should say the biggest blow struck at the tobacco trade has been at the importers and brokers who for years have catered to their every want. They have brought the tobacco over here at no risk to the manufacturers, and these firms that are now in the combines could pick and choose what they liked, and in addition to this the brokers have looked after them in regard to prices and studied their interest in every way for years, only to have the door shut in their faces by the Trust going direct to the American market for their supplies, in direct contradiction to their statements, when the Trust was being formed, that they would buy in the home market (thereby securing the support of the brokers and importers). This course could only result in one thing viz., the high prices of the raw material. The Imperial Company can afford to pay them, but not the independent manufacturer, who has to struggle for a bare living. This no doubt is one of the many devices used to crush out the independent manufacturer, and in the hope of still forcing up prices on the American market they expect to make it impossible for independents to buy here owing to the ever-increasing prices in sympathy with the American market.

Whatever the increased price may be of the leaf, the Imperial will not increase their prices to the public yet, and naturally the small manufacturer must eventually go under, as prices still advance, making it impossible for him to get any profit worth the trouble of manufacturing.

The Imperial make their huge profits by their proprietary goods, viz., "Packet tobaccos," this branch of the trade being almost entirely in their hands, whereas the majority of the independents depend on loose tobacco for their livelihood. This branch of the trade gives the Imperial an easy means of cutting prices, even at a loss, in order to obtain this trade, their large profits on packet tobaccos enabling them to do this comfortably.

With the enormous capital at their command, it is only a question of time when the Trust will rule the roost, and then the public will have to pay whatever price they choose to ask, in the same manner as the American Tobacco Company does in the States.

Referring to our earlier article on this important subject, the *Cigarette World and Tobacco News*, a journal which has shown much courage and consistency in fighting the Trust, says:—

> It only remains to express our thanks to the proprietors of JOHN BULL for the service they have rendered to the trade and the public by their timely exposure of the methods of the Imperial. Their trenchant criticism will be of the utmost value, and will, we hope, awaken many in the trade from their apathy.

We have no love for Yankee methods, and shall always do our best to keep them to the land of their birth, or when, as with the Tobacco Trust, this is impossible, to make the truth about them clear to JOHN BULL.

PUFFING PENN-WYOMING COPPER.

We take the following from the City Article of the *Sunday Times and Special* of April 14th:—

> The latest advices from the Penn-Wyoming Copper property are satisfactory. According to a cablegram the new remodelled smelter produced from March 15 to March 31 640,000 lbs. of copper, yielding a net profit of £19,200. This result was obtained with the plant working only about quarter capacity. When the branch railway is completed next month and an adequate supply of coke for the smelter is assured, there should be a proportionate increase in production and profits. A substantial advance in the dividend should also result. Considerable business is reported in the company's shares on provincial account, and inquiries have been received from Paris, where dealings have commenced in the outside market. Next week the shares are to be introduced in Brussels.

It is really too bad this attempt to induce people on this side to buy these shares. Does the City Editor of the *Sunday Times and Special* think he is doing his duty to his readers in doing what he can to induce them to buy? The shares are being offered in this country at 5s., and cannot be sold in America at 2s. 6d. We have no doubt that "considerable business is reported in the Company's shares on provincial account." There are plenty of gulls in the provinces, and in Paris, and in Brussels, also. But it should be left to the gutter-bloods to help fleece them.

NEW ISSUE.

We direct attention to the Vogelsfontein Diamond Mine, Limited, which, with a capital of £300,000 in ordinary shares of £1 each, offers 80,000 of them. Particulars will be found below.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The List is now open and will close on April 19th for the United Kingdom, and close on May 14th for Abroad.

The Vogelsfontein Diamond Mine, Ltd.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.

CAPITAL - £300,000,

Divided into 300,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

Present Issue of 80,000 Shares of £1 each

Payable as follows for the United Kingdom:

0	5	0	on Application.
0	5	0	on Allotment.
0	5	0	on May 7th
0	5	0	on June 7th.
£1	0	0	

Applications from Abroad will be payable in full on application.

DIRECTORS.

ARTHUR FREDERICK COX, Esq., C.S.I. (Late Comptroller and Auditor-General to the Government of India), Cumballa, Eastbourne (Chairman).

General Sir GEORGE DIGBY BARKER, K.C.B. (Late Governor of The Bermudas, and Commander of the Forces in China and Hong Kong), Clare Priory, Suffolk.

KNIGHTLEY GREY BURNE, Esq., Burma Commission (Retired), (Director of the South Burma Tin Mines, Ltd.), St. Margaret's, South Norwood Hill, S.E.

E. KENYON-COLLIS, Esq. (Managing Director), Mining Agent, 12, Pall Mall, S.W.

*ARTHUR LANDSBERG, Esq., F.R.G.S., Diamond Merchant, 52, Hatton Garden, E.C.

*Sir ALEXANDER MUIR-MACKENZIE, Bart., Dunkeld, Perthshire, and St. James's Street, London.

*Will join the Board after allotment.

No Fees will be drawn by the Directors (other than the Managing Director), in any year unless a minimum profit of 10 per cent. shall have been earned.

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W. F. B. WARD, 10, Half Moon Street, Bank Street, and Stock Exchange, Manchester.

C. HOPE MURRAY, JUNR., 98, West George Street, and Stock Exchange, Glasgow.

SOLICITORS.

H. G. CAMPION AND CO., 23-25, Old Broad Street, E.C.

MINE MANAGER.

JOHN FREDERICK WEBB, Mem.Inst. M.E., Mem.Inst.E.E. (late Consulting Engineer to The Thames Mining Machinery Co., Limited).

BANKERS.

LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, Head Office (71, Lombard Street, E.C.), and 16, St. James's Street, London, S.W., and their Agents Abroad.

AUDITORS.

WADE, HACKETT, BOSTON, ALLEN AND BAWDEN, Chartered Accountants, 3 and 4, Clement's Inn, Strand, W.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

G. F. BOND, 12, Pall Mall, S.W.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, Auditors, and at the Offices of the Company.

THIS FORM MAY BE CUT OUT.

TO THE VOGELSFONTEIN DIAMOND MINE, LIMITED,
12, PALL MALL, S.W.

Please forward to me to the undermentioned address Prospectuses and Application Form, as I am desirous of applying for ..... Shares, which kindly reserve for me, in respect of which I enclose Cheque for £....., being a deposit of 5s. per share.

Name .....

Address .....

Description .....

April, 1907.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, undertake any "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" description of business.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum.

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

British Homes.—R. S. O. (Crownhill) writes to us to say that he has two bonds of this corporation of £100 each, to which £31 14s. 1d. interest has to be added, payment having been made on one bond for five years and on the other for six years, so that both can be borrowed upon at once. The total sum paid on the two bonds is £34, and our correspondent has bonus notes to the value of £2 11s., which makes the total £36 11s. He would take £27 for the two. If any of our readers care for the deal we will put them into communication with the owner of the bonds.

Hamburg Lotteries.—Vulcan (Sheffield).—They are State lotteries, and no doubt the man you name has some sort of authority for representing them, but we strongly advise you to have nothing to do with these foreign lottery concerns.

Three Mining Shares.—R. F. F. (Burnley).—We should leave them all alone.

Foreign Lottery.—Lottery (Leeds).—Have nothing to do with any of these lotteries.

Consolidated Securities Company.—Harley (Hull).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

National Share Exchange.—W. R. (Crouch End).—Have nothing to do with them.

Four Mines.—T. S. D. (Sydenham).—All are fairly promising speculative purchases. So, too, with the Grand Trunk Ordinary in special degree.

Great Northern and City Railway.—Tubes (Clapham Common).—We fear it will be some time before there is the change you want.

Rubber Company.—R. K. F. (Walton-on-Thames).—If, as you say, you can sell these shares at three-eighths profit, we advise you to do so.

Provident Association of London.—T. E. M. (Lewes).—We note that the bond is for £250, that there has been seven years and a few odd months premiums paid, and that you will accept £40 for it.

Nelson's Pension Tea.—E. T. (Forest Gate).—We do not know exactly how the matter stands, but it is pretty safe to say that your friend will get nothing in the way of repayment.

Endowment, Sickness and Accident Corporation.—C. E. T. (Cardiff).—We will ask the corporation to do as you request.

The Portman Market.—W. F. S. (Clapham Common).—It has an unpleasant record, but your inquiries must have satisfied you that there is little likelihood of the holders of the ordinary shares getting anything. Why not put it to Mr. Ellis straight? He was the chairman of the company, and has responsibility in the matter.

United Kingdom Investment Corporation.—A. W. (Aberdeen).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

International Securities Syndicate.—Toby (Parkstone).—If you are "not overburdened with fivers just at present" and "no gambler," and "do not want to go astray" have nothing to do with these people.

Safe Investment.—F. H. E. (Peckham).—(1) We should be inclined to hold the consols until they get back to the price, or near to it, at which you bought, which will be, we think, in the course of the present year. (2) All three of the shares you mention are good speculative purchases, more especially Canadian Pacifics, which may be strongly recommended.

National Benefit Trust.—A. H. B. (Acocks Green, St. Mary's F.C.).—We note that there is £26 paid on the bond (£250), and that you will accept £16 10s. for it, it being a thirty years' bond, which can be reduced if required to ten years after payments for five years—four years already having been paid upon it. If any of our readers should wish to purchase we will communicate with you.

The Century Insurance Company.—A. E. G. (Bradford).—They will treat you well.

Motor Omnibus Company.—C. J. M. (Dudley).—We are slow to advise any of our readers to purchase motor omnibus shares just now. The position is so very uncertain.

Purchase or Annuity.—H. A. (Harlesden).—We cannot answer your question unless you give us the age of your friend. If you do so we will reply to you fully.

Foreign Premium Bonds.—S. W. P. (West Kensington).—Have nothing to do with the people you name, and as for the bonds themselves, we cannot recommend their purchase. The actual return is very small, and the chance of a prize extremely remote.

Provident Bond.—C. A. K. (Bournemouth).—We have put you in communication as requested. G. D. (Highbury).—The same answer applies to you. H. E. (Plaistow).—Ditto.

Catering Syndicate.—W. C. (Sheffield).—It has not come under our notice, but we will make some inquiries.

Insurance Clerkship.—Assurance (Fulham).—You should accept the offer that is most favourable to yourself. Both the companies you name are of high standing.

Arnold and Wood.—Arnives (Brixton).—We advise you not to have anything to do with these people, or with the other firm you name.

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TWO PLAYS.

By Vera Canute.

"THE TRUTH" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's plays, like the productions of the Chicago stockyards, are more appreciated in America than upon this side of the Atlantic. The reason may be either that American audiences are even more childlike in their tastes than English playgoers (if that be conceivable), or, on the principle that, amongst the attenuated blind band of Yankee playwrights, the one-eyed is king.

Mr. Fitch is reputed to make the income of a successful barrister or a fairly prosperous patent medicine vendor out of his plays. I fear that he will not add much to his banking account from the London proceeds of his latest comedy reproduced last week, always, of course, excepting the off chance that Miss Tempest's brilliant performance will draw the town. More of this later. On one conceivable hypothesis "The Truth" may be a draw. Every second person I run against nowadays has written, or is writing, a play. If these embryo playwrights are anxious to perfect themselves in their art—that is, as dramatists, as distinct from playwrights—they should lose no time in planking down their money for seats at the Comedy Theatre. Their number being legion, they should fill the Panton Street playhouse for many weeks to come. For assuredly "The Truth" is a magnificent example of how not to do it—that is, be it understood, from the superior point of view of the dramatist as distinct from the playwright. "The Truth" has playwright stamped all over it and not particularly good playwright at that; entrances and exits being clumsily contrived. But where Mr. Fitch makes his greatest mistake is in the treatment of his leading character. The playwright, when he hits on a character, forthwith proceeds to label it for the benefit of his public; this obvious labelling process is the alpha and omega of his conception of character; any deviation or natural propensity, which is a commonplace of human nature, as we know it, is vigorously tabooed; hence, as in the case of Mrs. Warder, the character is not of the world as we appreciate it, but of the land of the stage with all its immense limitations. Once a liar, always a liar, is Mr. Fitch's recipe for the treatment of character—always excepting Mrs. Warder's scene with her husband in the second act, and the few words necessary to secure a happy ending in the last. What Mr. Fitch wants to do is to study the development of character in accordance with the influencing action of events and those persons with whom it may be brought in contact or conflict. This is where the essential difference lies between the mechanism of the unimaginative play merchant and the creative work of the artist. As a vehicle for Miss Tempest's invaluable and subtle genius (so far as this much ill-used word may be legitimately applied to a player) the play defeats its ends. We had so much of Miss Tempest, and this all in the same lying key, that we grew tired of the monotony which the play merchant compelled her to display. Also, to give Miss Tempest greater prominence, the part of the would-be seducer's wife was ruthlessly cut away. Hence the play lacked balance and proportion, and was, therefore, top-heavy.

This comedy also raises a further interesting point: Is a clever and deservedly popular actress a sufficient attraction to triumph over the obstacles presented by a crude and amateurish play? I maintain the contrary.

"THE PALACE OF PUCK" AT THE HAYMARKET.

This latest venture of Mr. Harrison's is something of a shock to those who are accustomed to the staid and matronly productions of the Haymarket Theatre. We have here a comedy that does not hesitate to proclaim the joy of life from the house-tops in a setting that, to the seasoned playgoer, is occasionally reminiscent of Act II. of dear, departed musical comedies. The work of Mr. Locke, who is the well-known novelist, is as completely removed from that of Mr. Fitch as is the exquisite art of Mr. Hardy from that of Miss Marie Corelli. Mr. Locke is a man of ideas to whom their expression is second nature; but one fears he is a little too advanced for the childlike public who just now throng our theatres, and who pay their money in order to see the glorification of the shibboleths. With regard to the acting, there was far too little of Miss Marion Terry, and far too much of Miss Miriam Clements, who, like so many of the stage people, has not fulfilled the fair promise of her youth.

I liked Mr. Fred Kerr as the middle-class man better than anything in which I have ever seen him, excepting, of course, his admirable "outside" broker in "Letty." He seems designed, by nature, to delineate such people as Podmore.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

(Mrs. Bull will be delighted to receive suggestions and contributions from our readers.)

After the sudden sunshine, sudden rain. Spring clothes itself speedily. Tiny green buds have leapt to the trees; bushes stick out and wag their glittering green tongues. Primroses stare from windful meadows; there are little green islands of them in the woods. I have already picked a few very early blue-bells; many more are coming presently to line the lane.

Father Vaughan and Dress.

I wonder whether it ever occurs to Father Vaughan that in denouncing womenfolk for their costly raiment he renders himself liable to a tu quoque. What of the priceless lace and bejewelled robes with which he and his priestly kind adorn their bodies for the performance of their ecclesiastical functions? He will, of course, reply that such beautiful things are worn for the glory of the Most High, but, if this be the case, it is only fair to retort that women, being the most beautiful of God's creatures, it is only meet that they also should show their appreciation of His handiwork by decorating it as lavishly as means permit.

A Hint on Husband Taming.

A timely hint to wives whose husbands have such a liking for the morning air that they have a natural predeliction for coming in with the milk. A friend of mine, who lives in the country, and who was troubled in this way, declares that she has cured her loving lord of his errant ways in the following manner. In the very cold weather she told this worthy that she was going to bed early, and upon his return he was to throw a handful of gravel at her window, in order to awake her. She would then open the window, and if he could repeat quite distinctly three times "Selfish shellfish swallow shrimps," he would be let in. Failing his ability to pronounce these words to her satisfaction, he was to spend the night in tramping the fields about the house. She tells me that the experiment was a success from the first. Instead of coming in any time after eleven, he caught a much earlier train, and was in by half-past nine. Evidently his courage failed him.

New Stockings.

Women of fashion are to walk out in gauze stockings. Such leg wear, they tell me, lasts but a few hours, so that it may be no uncommon sight to see our womenfolk (having overstayed the limited time shopping or gossiping) hop home stockingless. As to what would occur if frocks are to be composed of the same butterfly wing material I am not, here, allowed to conjecture

Crabbed Age and a Youthful Journal.

I have just heard from a young friend of mine, aged ninety-six, that ever since the advent of John Bull he has been a regular and eager purchaser. Some Press rivals might be moved to retort that this appetite for our columns might be an instance of second childhood, but *I* venture to say that our lively contents are a chief reason for his continued longevity.

Fashions from Japan.

So we are to take our future fashions from the pretty little ladies of Japan. Kimono sleeves will be the most fashionable. Kimono dress braces made of ribbons embroidered in crude colours will be worn on muslin frocks when summer comes, and there will be a kimono effect, too, about the future dinner gowns.

Almost every woman I know delights in a Japanese kimono bedroom frock which, after the tea-hour, when she flings off high-heeled shoes and bony stays, she wraps about her, and thus, in the quiet sanctity of her bedchamber, comfortably rests.

The Successful Hostess.

That ever-to-be-desired quality, tact, is one which the successful hostess usually possesses, for there are many pitfalls into which the woman who entertains might easily be lured were she not alive to the fact that discretion in the selection of guests invited to meet one another, the disposing of them at table when the affair is a dinner, and so on, are points of great importance. The selection of congenial dinner-neighbours means much to the enjoyment of the meal by the parties concerned. The art of entertaining well is not learned by all hostesses, some of whom cast quite a chill over their guests—unconsciously, of course—by their frigid demeanour, though intending to make them welcome. There are houses at which one feels at home at once, others where one never feels at ease—and it all depends on the host or hostess.

LADIES

who suffer from

WEAK BACK

NEURALGIA, INDIGESTION, KIDNEY TROUBLES, OR ANY INTERNAL DISORDERS, WILL FIND THAT

Madame VIGOR'S

Magneto-ELECTRIC

CORSETS

are a real boon to young and old alike. Apart altogether from their health-giving and curative properties, they are IDEAL corsets, constructed on scientific principles to suit the up-to-date style of dress and are worth double or treble their cost. REMEMBER that these corsets keep the vital organs of the body in a healthy condition—PREVENT CHILLS—assist nature in the HEALTHY DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHEST, and effectually prevent that loss of vitality which is one of the most distressing symptoms of premature old age.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

For young girls growing into womanhood, for the overworked mother and women nearing or passing their prime, as well as for the aged, these Electro-Magnetic Corsets will be found absolutely invaluable. Where nature fails the Electro-Magnetic force steps in and revitalises the entire system.

WRITE TO-DAY sending waist measurement and full particulars with postal order for 7/6, and a pair of these perfect-fitting, health-giving Corsets will be forwarded, carriage paid, by return of post. A reliable testing compass sent free with each corset. Note only address—Dept. E.

IS YOUR HAIR GREY?

THEN GET MY LIQUID FREE.

Not the Cheap and Temporary Stuff, but the Genuine and Permanent Kind, which is Guaranteed. This is addressed to every man and woman whose hair has become more or less grey, and wishes to restore same to the natural shade that existed in earlier life. It will be particularly cheering to those who are straining their patience and purses by the continued use of hair stains.

AVOID USELESS HAIR DYES.

First let me tell you that you can never permanently alter the colour of your hair by any mere dye, but must use my preparation, which is a corrective of the pigmentary glands that naturally provide the hair with its colour. The dyes commonly sold do nothing more than stain the hair, and from my observations I say in all truth that one might as well use ink or stove polish.

These "Popular" Dyes usually give the hair an unsightly appearance—everybody except the deluded user can see the artificial gloss. As the hair grows out, streaks become visible near the scalp, which must be expertly "touched," and unless this is done by a skilled hairdresser, the result is shocking. Some of the dyes make bad stains on the scalp. When these common preparations are used for some time, the hair gradually rots away and at last, the services of the wigmaker are necessary.

NOW I WILL SPEAK OF MY PREPARATIONS—"Prof. Paul Lind's Liquid," which is prepared only by me. It is a scientific formula, the result of great experience, chemical knowledge and study. Its effect is upon the organic system of the hair, being a stimulant to the pigmentary glands, thereby causing a true and permanent alteration to the natural shade. PROF. PAUL LIND'S LIQUID is the cheapest hair restorer in the world, because in most cases one full-size bottle suffices for a lifetime. Moreover, my preparation saves the continual worry that common dyes give, and actually promotes the growth, at the same time making the hair soft, silky and handsome. Last, but not least—it is perfectly harmless.

WRITE OR CALL FOR FREE BOTTLE.

I WANT YOU TO TEST IT UPON YOUR OWN HAIR. I absolutely guarantee success. I will give you a trial bottle free if you call, or will send bottle, carefully packed in plain wrapper, on receipt of three penny stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing. Address—

Prof. PAUL LIND, (Dept. 114A), 54, Duke St., Mayfair, LONDON.

The Care of the Hair.

A WARNING AGAINST THE USE OF CURE-ALL HAIR REMEDIES.

Do you know that there are scores of different ways in which your hair may be attacked, and which lead in the long run to baldness, or greyness, or scurf, or scalp irritation?

It may be attacked in the root, in the shaft, or even in the sac or follicle in which it grows.

You may be rendered bald through the action of some microbe, or some minute vegetable organism, or through the action of scurf, or through atrophy of the hair-bulb.

Your hair may be too greasy, or it may be too dry; it may be planted too tightly in the skin of your scalp, or too loosely; greyness or discolouration may be due to several different reasons, irritation of the scalp to half-a-dozen others.

Greyness, baldness, scurf, and irritation of the scalp are not the same disorders, nor are their causes alike. The same remedy cannot cure them all.

If you wish to possess, cultivate, or keep a good head of hair, you must know something about its structure and its nature. This is fully explained in a most interesting book entitled "The Hair: Its Growth and its Disorders," which every reader of JOHN BULL who is suffering from any hair complaint may obtain free of all charge by writing to Mr. WARNER OLIVER, consultant on the hair, of 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

This book contains no puff or advertisement of any of the specific, so-called "cure-all" hair restoratives, whether for external or internal use, and nothing is offered for sale; therefore its readers can rely upon the advice which it gives as regards the general treatment of the hair and the steps to be taken when hair trouble exists. All that is necessary when writing is to mention JOHN BULL, and to state whether you are Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or titled, and a copy will be sent to you gratis and post free.—[ADVT.]

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HIGHEST STANDARD

of FOOD EXCELLENCE

is

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(Trade Mark.)

BREAD.

Science and Experience confirm.

HOVIS Bread is a pure wheaten product absolutely free from all chemicals and adulterants. It contains all the nutrient properties of the grain, and is more nourishing than either white or whole-meal bread. The waste branny particles are excluded, being indigestible. HOVIS promotes digestion and possesses a sweet, nutty, agreeable flavour. Beware of substitutes. No other is "just as good." See the word HOVIS on each loaf.

Booklet and all information free from

The Hovis-Bread Flour Co., Ltd., Macclesfield.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The Yankee Way.

Madame Bernhardt is suing the *New York World* for damages—£20,000 of them. Her complaint, to the sophisticated, will be amusing. The *World* declared that Sarah employed Mr. Frederick Mayer to write her "Autobiography." I do not know whether she did or did not. She says she didn't, and that it injures her to say that she did. I have read some of the "Memoirs." If those I read were fair samples, I should have thought a libel might lie in saying that Sarah wrote them, not in saying that someone else did so. However, one never knows, and actresses are queer creatures. Unlike their husbands, who notoriously do not read Press criticism, but know always what is said of them, nevertheless, the women of the stage are rabid of notices. As a rule they are disappointed with the critics, unless, as happens now and then, the critic is their very good friend, or their husband's, or their Press agent, duly accredited—under the rose. Usually, also, they like the preliminary eulogies of their coming work dictated to the untutored paragraphist rather than that milder praise which comes after, over signatures or in the columns of journals of critical repute. I may, of course, be wrong in all this prognosis, but it is the result of much genially cynical observation amongst members of the Fourth Sex.

Charles and Marie.

And my view is strengthened by the confidences reported this week between Mr. Charles Frohman and Miss Marie Tempest—who must be seen in "The Truth" at the Comedy, on the one side, and Mr. Boyle Lawrence, of the *Evening Standard* and *Daily Express*, on the other. Miss Tempest is a genuine actress, a woman of genius, but yet a woman very like unto her lay sisters. One is quite touched by the spectacle of Mr. Frohman, dragged out of bed earlier than he should have been by the lady's messenger to read the nice things the Sunday papers had said about her. She deserved them all. Charles himself has said so, and I say so too. But how the magnate must have smiled (and sworn) when he was so ingenuously awakened from his beauty sleep; how much louder he must have smiled when he saw all the silly tale set out in cold public print. Truly, as the American humorist discovered, the Press is a great moral engine, and its intelligent service to the arts, not to mention the actresses and the manager, cannot be gainsaid.

The Sotherns.

If you doubt me, study the ways of the gentlemen who are preparing us for the forthcoming American season at the Waldorf Theatre in London. For some years past it has been an open secret in Fleet Street that the ridiculous articles which appear from time to time over the signatures of various pretty girls calling themselves actresses, in certain illustrated papers, are not written by the ladies who sign them at all. Either the editors themselves write them out of "The Green Room Book," a file of the *Era*, and their own plentiful lack of respect for veracity; or they pay some gentle youth a trifle for the service; or—the lady pays the gentle youth. The one solid fact is this: The ladies do not write the stuff themselves—they are much too sensible. Also, for the most part, they are quite incapable of stringing together a dozen intelligible sentences, much less a whole page of twaddle on "Dementia Americana," "My Happy Childhood," "Pickles and the Complexion," "The New Theology," "Should Sailors Spit?" and similar topics of engrossing popular interest. This absurd system of asking women who know nothing about anything outside the theatre, and very little about the real business of the theatre itself, what they think on a variety of public questions—or pretending so to ask them—came to us, like so many other blessings, from the U.S.A. Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe must be very familiar with it over there, although I am sure they can agree with its wisdom and taste no more than I do. For they are artists and persons of culture and good feeling both. But it is possible that they do not know into what utter disrepute this system of bogus self-puffery has fallen in England, or they would avoid all appearance of associating themselves with any of its kindred forms. The London picture papers, with their faked interviews and fudged articles, and the street arabs turned "publicity representatives" who have managed to get hold of the "advance" work for various theatrical companies, have killed stone-dead the former utility of the discreet preliminary puff as a means of attracting artistic Londoners to see a new theatrical artist. Someone should have warned Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe of this position.

Actors as Authors.

Of course, Miss Marlowe did really write all the articles sent to the London Press in her name, praising work written by dramatists in her employ to be produced later on by Mr.

Sothern and herself in London, discussing that stale old perennial, "The Stage as a Profession for Women," and so on and so forth. Of course, also, Mr. Sothern really did write all the articles and say all the things attributed to him by the ha'penny papers, including those quiet immodesties as to his own artistic ideals. But my opinion in that event is the same as my opinion on the conduct of Madame Bernhardt—were I in their case I would take action against anyone who accused me of all or any of these things. That is to say, I would, were I a person who mattered, an artist who had come to London for the only purpose that real artists ever have in coming to London—to get the impartial verdict of the world's greatest art centre on their art, not to charm the nimble dollar from the pocket of the uncultured fool. If a man have genius for show, he will not make his fortune by showing it in London; but he may make such reputation, and reap such honour from the cosmopolitan artistic coteries of the town as shall more than stand the test of a world in judgment. That is to say, these things may occur if he be armed sufficiently with the root of all evil to hire a fine stand on which to display himself, and to pay for that expert pilotage without which the noblest barque may drift helplessly on to the rocks. However, artistic London demands that it shall not be prejudiced by tricks of vulgar showmanship. They may win money in London; they will not win distinction. And it is added distinction and dignified recognition that Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe seek from London. Let them, therefore, I beseech them, move more warily through the mazes of a sensation-mongering Press, lest they be undone.

Two Artists.

For Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe are artists, and they deserve a better fate than may possibly befall them unless they stem the stream of cheap and tawdry "publicity" that is deluging the papers on their behalf. The Waldorf has been an unlucky house so far. All who know Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe's work hope that they will break the spell, that they will achieve that best of all advertisements for the theatre and themselves—an enthusiastic "Well done!" from those Londoners whose seal means more to a modern actor—more even than the hall-mark of Paris. I gather that Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will appear not only in "The Sunken Bell" of Hauptmann (done originally in Mr. Meltzer's translation by the Sothern company in America eight years ago), but also in various Shakesperean and other plays—twelve plays in all—during their Waldorf season. The expenses will be about £2,000 per week; if the theatre is filled at every performance the takings cannot be much more. Thus it is of the utmost importance that both artists should enhance their international standing by this visit as a set-off to the great pecuniary risk they run. If the puffsters and boomsters will only let them alone, so that their fine, delicate work may appeal to us direct from the stage, instead of through a haze of egregious personalities, and business twaddle that concerns no one but Mr. Sothern and his banker, I believe this will happen.

Past and Future.

I have not seen Mr. Sothern's "Hamlet," but I am told by American friends who have seen it that it is second only among modern Hamlets to that of Mr. Forbes Robertson, the finest Hamlet, I take it, that the stage has ever witnessed. The Sothern Romeo, too, has been approved by competent judges. And Mr. Sothern's record on the other side is that of an earnest and studious artist, who has a touch of genius, and more than the average managerial Quixotism in selecting plays for their own worth, and staging and playing them in the way that seems to him best, whether it be the old way or the new. To judge from the journalist-made portrait of Mr. Sothern, he should be a robust, hustling person, with small scruple how he gets there. That is exactly what Mr. Sothern is not. Those playgoers who see him for the first time on Monday night, and have not read this page, will be most agreeably surprised. The art of Mr. Sothern leans to subtlety and quietness; his entries in new parts or new places are characterised almost always by a lisping diffidence of manner which suggests curiously the pent temperament of a great artist. In sheer intellect few living actors are his rivals, and he has read widely and deeply, and with understanding. At his début (as a cabman) he broke down completely in a single line, although he was born on the stage, so to speak. One would not be surprised very much should he break down again under stress of a new and strange experience. For he is of a nervous, high-strung type. Mr. Sothern has personality; so has Miss Marlowe, about whom American criticism has been singularly indecisive up to the present. Her beauty everyone is willing to grant, and the charm of Mr. Sothern is equally beyond dispute. I believe London, his trumpeters despite, will like him. As a son of the original Lord Dundreary, and as a brother of Mr. Sam Sothern, he is trebly welcome to London, and I wish him the best of luck—and less "publicity."

P.

Success in Business.

HAVE you ever thought of the enormous growth of the interests covered by the word "business"? During the last twenty years new ideas, new methods, new systems, have obtained in the business world, yet until quite recently, there has been no collected or complete work of reference dealing with business matters.

"We are all selling something"—that is to say, all men are in business, whether they like it or not, in some sense of the word. It therefore behoves all men to make themselves commercially efficient in order to increase their value in the business market.

A Business Tool.

The BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA is like no other book in the world. It deals only with business, but it treats of this important subject exhaustively and completely. It is therefore no luxury but a business tool, and as such indispensable to the man who means to make a success of his business life, whether as a Clerk or Cashier, Agent or Manager, Commercial Traveller, Shopkeeper or Tradesman, Merchant or Manufacturer, Solicitor, Stockbroker, Financier or Capitalist.

When it is pointed out that there are over

10,000 References

in the Index, it will be seen that no detail connected with business has been overlooked, and that every subject can be turned up with the greatest readiness.

The reproach so often levelled at the British clerk—that he is incompetent, too much inclined to take things for granted, and to "muddle through," will soon cease to have any force. With the BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA at his hand the ambitious young man can, almost without effort, perfect himself in that knowledge that is his best stock-in-trade. All contrary opinions notwithstanding, the financial prospects of well-informed men were never so good as they are now. But the employé who rises—the one who is chosen when a good post requires filling—is the one who makes himself master of those wider questions relating to money and trade, for which his careful training in detail so admirably fits him. To the

Mature Business Man

the BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA will prove equally valuable; in it he can turn up without an instant's loss of time any one of the many points concerning money or business on which he lacks information. With this work beside him, the most diffident man may acquire confidence in his own capability, and, proceeding to put his ideas into practice, may make of his business life a sure success. It is knowledge that counts nowadays; the man who wants to succeed in business must have specialised business knowledge.

For the Small Investor.

By means of the BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA the small Investor can send out his mite with the same assurance of its bringing in an adequate return as the investor of more considerable amounts. The same applies to the Speculator. Every detail relating to money is fully explained, and the most profitable methods of dealing with the smallest to the largest sums relatively considered. The BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA enables an intelligent man to follow all the movements of the Stock Exchange, and to understand and profit by the many articles in the daily papers, and the operations of the Money Market generally. It is *the* book for the man who wants to make the most of what he has, and to ensure a reasonable return for it.

A FREE BOOK.

The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book—"THE PRACTICAL BOOK"—which will be sent to you post free. It contains information of priceless value to the man who means to succeed. It will tell you all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 3s., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

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Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "THE PRACTICAL BOOK." J194.

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C.A.A.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., P.C., K.T.

My Dear Rosie,—My sympathies are with you in your lamentations. It is certainly hard on you and other sportsmen and agriculturists that the London County Council should propose to build another lunatic asylum near your happy homes. Lunatics are not quite the persons one would choose as neighbours, but this is a queer world, and one never knows his luck. After all, the practical difference between living next door to a lunatic asylum and next door to a man with a piano, a phonograph, a tenor voice, a baby, a parrot, and a dog is not very great, and some of us have to put up with these things most week days and every Sunday. Lunatics have to live somewhere, and apparently the L.C.C. think they may as well live near you, at Epsom, as anywhere else.

Happily, you need not be on visiting terms with them. You can cultivate your lonely furrow with that fine sense of agriculture for which you are famous, and should an escaped lunatic come your way, be not afraid, he will probably be as harmless as the rest of us. If not, plough him down. For, believe me, my good Archie, we are all lunatics of sorts; the only difference is that some of us are madder than others.

I often wonder whether the day will ever come when you will have a party of your own. You are a nice party yourself, of course—but I mean I wonder whether the day will ever come when there will be more of you. Mystery, in politics as in religion, is always a valuable asset, and you have mystery in abundance; but mystery with indifference—that makes the problem. I fear you have not only got yourself bowled out, but bowled over. Still, I take an interest in you, and be sure I shall continue to keep an eye on you. Be good, then you will be happy—though you may miss the fun.

John Bull.

To George R. Sims, Esq.

My Dear George,—I have been looking at the pretty clock, with which you try to teach us how to spend our days, and I quite agree with you that we all sleep too much. What a lot we should be able to get through if we could only do without sleep altogether. But I don't like your new meal-times, and I am sure my servants would like them still less. Breakfast at 6.30! Ugh! Think of it on a cold, foggy morning. And then if we are to lunch at 1, how can we be ready for dinner at 6? Who on earth would ever come and dine with us at 6, or, more important still, ask us out to dinner at that unearthly hour? My dear Dag., why should we map out our days at all? What a bore it would be to have to play games whenever the clock struck 2. We should be robbed of one of the greatest charms of existence—the unexpected. Good-bye. Keep your hair on, but don't use too much Tatcho.

John Bull.

To Mrs. George R. Sims.

Dear Lady,—What a nice literary family you are. I am sorry you did not like your banquet. Men will smoke after dinner. Very nasty of them, to be sure. But how clever they were. You tell us that they were two hundred. In fact, you struck a light brigade, if I may be pardoned a jest on so serious a subject. "Two hundred cigars all lighted at once, to say nothing of cigarettes," you exclaim. Every man Jack had a cigar in his mouth, and some had cigarettes as well. No wonder you were choked. But even choking, in your eyes, is not so bad as joking. The toast of the Ladies was given, and you think it ought to have followed that of the King, because you believe in "Place aux Dames." But in that case it should surely have come first. And you have observed that the toast of the Ladies is always made an excuse for attempts at humour. Well, well, well, it was after dinner, and when men have well drunk (or should I say are?) they will have their little jests. I can quite believe the jests were as poor as you say, but how rare wits are nowadays, aren't they? I dare say even George is not always at his best. But, you say, why jest at all on such a solemn subject? That is all very well, but the subject is so large that it scarcely lends itself to long faces combined with short speeches. Suppose you had to toast "Men." Unless you were prepared to roast them, you would have to be content with a quip. Or suppose you had to raise your glass (not your looking-glass, please understand), and propose "The Human Race," I am sure you would wink like an Augur. Give my love to George, and beg him to keep his hair on. And keep him away from suet dumplings.

John Bull.

To Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, Carlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

Dear Charlie,—They tell me you are back again in England looking in the pink of health and condition. Hope you got that business of your late brother's settled while you were in America. The estate will, of course, put a nice little fortune in your purse. I suppose you will buy houses and gilt-edged securities and things with it. You can't spend it at sea, anyhow, and that's where you're going presently, as Commander of the Channel Fleet. You deserve it, too. You are one of the fleetest men in the Navy.

Time was when you were in the House of Commons, either getting into hot water yourself or throwing cold water on other people. The very deuce of a boy with your tongue, you were. That is why they anchored you at the Admiralty—made a Junior Lord or something of you, to keep your mouth shut. Your oratorical style always reminded me of a redeemed pugilist. "I am a scallywag myself," you once confided to the House of Commons. But those days are mere memories now, my boy. You have long given up creating breezes in the House, and now get them from the sea.

"My programme," you have been telling somebody, "is to take my orders from the Admiralty, and act upon them with promptitude." Rather a change from the old days that, Charlie. Why, you once tried to precipitate a political crisis all on your own lonesome. You were a Coal Lord then, I think, and you declined to sign the Estimates. "Really," said the First Lord, when your attitude was reported to him, "it doesn't matter whether the Coal Lord signs or not," and the Estimates went in just as if you had never been born. But, off you get aboard, and good luck to you. We'll have a crack in your cabin by-and-bye.

John Bull.

To Herr Beerbohm Tree, Tragedian, Comedian, Farceur.

Mine Goodt Herr,—How your distinguished hair was now dot you was there, eh? Dot you your nadive kundries leave on der invitation of der grosse Kaiser, I hear. Now you was in Berlin on the Spree, how you like it? In London one great big rumour there was dot der Kaiser he meet you at der station mit a Cherman band, and his crown, to you take off, and himselluf before you abase, vhile der "Vatch on der Rhine" was der music der whole of der times. Was dot so, mine Herr, or was dot not so? To me at vonce back write if if was *möglich*, den I go mitout no stop und ask von of der kreat Acadamecians—dot a pig vord was, but it I schpell olright, eh?—der deathless scence to paint.

Yourself, you der kreatest actor was in ole der vorld, und perhaps you vrom der Palace der Kaiser fetch you act to see. You know not vere it was—no? Vell, *gehen Sie die Strasze hinauf. Nehmen Sie die erste Strasze links und die zweite rechts.* Den you there get—yes, ole alone by yourselluf. If he not at home was he to der teeater vill come shust der same—wonce time, tvice time, tree time. Ven der Kaiser come, your eye on him keep ole der times, so dot ven you der turn him give he for you sendt vill, und on your svelling bosom von larchge medal schtick. No more at present. *Es ist Zeit zu Bette zu gehen. Gute nacht.*

John Bull.

WHO WILL GET IT?

FRAUDULENT RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM.

THE "CHURCH MONTHLY" EXPOSURE.

Mr. Frederick Sherlock and "John Bull."

Our readers will remember that some weeks ago (March 30) we directed attention to the action of Mr. Frederick Sherlock (founder, editor, and owner of the *Church Monthly*) in taking monies for advertisements upon specific guarantees of circulation at least ten times in excess of the real circulation of the journal, and, summing up the case against Mr. Sherlock, we concluded as follows:—

> In a word it is well to be zealous in the cause of the Church and of social reform, but zeal for the Church should not be divorced from honesty to the public, nor do platform fulminations against drink excuse obtaining money by false pretences.

As Mr. Sherlock was the Rector's churchwarden of Hornsey Parish Church, it is not surprising that the Rector, before inviting him to become his churchwarden for the current year, should have asked Mr. Sherlock to explain his position in reference to our statements.

We have before us a copy of the *Hornsey Journal*, dated April 5, which reports the following statement, made by the rector at the Easter Vestry:

> The Rector said his attention had been called to a newspaper article containing an attack upon Mr. Sherlock's integrity in the conduct of his magazine. As Mr. Sherlock had been his warden for two years he thought it was his duty to speak to Mr. Sherlock on the subject, and after going through the article with Mr. Sherlock he desired to say he was perfectly satisfied with Mr. Sherlock's account of the matter. (Loud applause.) That being so, it gave him great pleasure to nominate Mr. Sherlock as his warden for the coming year. (Renewed applause.) He went on to speak of the excellent work which Mr. Sherlock had done in that capacity.

In returning thanks for being nominated again as Rector's churchwarden, Mr. Sherlock, as reported, said not a word about that portion of the Rector's speech which we have quoted above, nor did he attempt to defend himself against the statements made by John Bull, but one Robins, Edgar Robins, in returning thanks for being elected People's Churchwarden—we continue to quote from the *Hornsey Journal*—

> Said he should continue to do his best in the office. He added he should be more pleased and proud than hitherto to act with Mr. Sherlock, in spite of John Bull.

We proceed to make further allegations, which we are prepared to prove in any court of law, and we will take care that the Rector of Hornsey sees these allegations. We submit that it is his duty to test their truth, since they seriously affect the honour and integrity of his churchwarden.

> (1) We say that when a certain vicar protested against Mr. Sherlock accepting advertisements for the inside pages of his journal, under the arrangement with A. J. White, Limited, Beecham, and others, as referred to in our issue of March 30, Mr. Sherlock offered him a cheque, and when that cheque was refused, prayed him "not to take any step that would ruin his business"—ruin it, since there would be disclosure of the discreditable occurrences that led up to the insertion of these advertisements.
>
> (2) We say that Mr. Sherlock entered into an agreement with the proprietors of Norton's Camomile Pills to insert in the journal a four-page advertisement of these pills, that only a fraction of the number delivered from time to time—a number in accordance with alleged circulation—and for which Mr. Sherlock was to receive 5s. per thousand—were ever so inserted, and that the remainder were first crowded into the premises of the printers, and when they refused to accept any more, were kept on the premises of the *Church Monthly*, where they might have been seen in enormous quantities until they were carted away.
>
> (3) That in 1899 one F. Jordan, publisher of *Fowls*, who had knowledge that these bills laid there, and was being harassed by Mr. Sherlock, threatened to acquaint the Police with the facts unless Mr. Sherlock submitted to certain conditions, and that thereupon Mr. Sherlock accepted these conditions.

Does the Rector of Hornsey think that is the sort of thing for which his churchwarden may fitly be responsible? We presume he will refer again to Mr. Sherlock for his explanation. Such reference will be a mere farce if Mr. Thicknesse is content with the plausible explanation which he is certain to get from Mr. Sherlock. The only proper and convincing answer to the allegations we make in this number, and to those we made on March 30, is a demand on Mr. Sherlock's part upon us for retractation, and after the refusal which he will certainly meet with, an action at law for defamation of character. If Mr. Sherlock shrinks from this, then he stands condemned, and the Rector with him, not, of course, as participator in the conduct we have denounced, but for condoning it.

Inasmuch as Mr. Henry Sell was the advertising agent of Mr. Sherlock during the period referred to in our article of March 30, it may be said—is it what Mr. Sherlock has said to his clerical friends and patrons?—that he was the real culprit, that whilst Mr. Sherlock was nominally responsible, it was Mr. Sell who was really so. Some advertisement agents are very unscrupulous in what they say about the circulation of the papers they represent, and the explanation would be plausible. Therefore, we think it right to say that not only had Mr. Sell the private assurance of Mr. Sherlock that the real circulation was that named on the advertisement sheets and letters to which we referred in our issue of March 30, he held and believed in Mr. Sherlock's written certificate to that effect. His error was in assuming that Mr. Sherlock told the truth.

We cannot understand why the Bishop of St. Albans, when Bishop of Newcastle, and the present Bishop of Kensington, and—to come to smaller fry—the Rector of Hornsey, should have absolved Mr. Sherlock; but it is fair to say that other clergymen have taken a very different view of his conduct. The following is a copy of a letter from a well-known and highly-respected Canon of the Church of England:—

> It is very sad that one who poses as a Churchman, and who by clever adaptation of other folks' brains has done useful service, should have been destitute of honest principle.
>
> I think we must leave the *Church Monthly* to the Nemesis of the future.

And so say we.

RE "A LONDON HELL."

We are informed by a correspondent that our recent article under this head has led to a certain amount of misconception among readers but slightly acquainted with the Continental quarter in the West End, owing to the fact that several foreign clubs in the Soho district are built and arranged on similar lines to the one described by our contributor.

We regret that such has been the case, and we are pleased to do what we can towards removing any stigma the article may have placed on what our correspondent informs us are respectably-conducted institutions, by stating that the one referred to is neither adjacent to, nor in any street leading from Soho Square.

Soho, as the man-in-the-street knows it, covers a considerably wider area than is officially granted to the district, and we quite realise that among the many foreign institutions in the Soho district there may be some likely to be affected by our contributor's description.

PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

THE COLONIAL PREMIERS.

By Herbert Vivian.

Robert Bond, Frederick William Borden, Louis Botha, Alfred Deakin, Leander Starr Jameson, Wilfrid Laurier, Frederick Robert Moor, and Joseph George Ward, you that are the prisoners at the bar, hold up your hands. The jury had no choice but to convict you on the charge of noisy and unseemly assembly, whereby the public peace has been endangered. It is therefore my painful duty to pass sentence upon you. I have made every endeavour to find circumstances which might extenuate your offence. But, alas, there are few.

Your advocates have pleaded with skill: that you did assemble in response to the invitation of a Minister who occupied a responsible position and apparently enjoyed the confidence of this country. He suggested to you, we understand, that you should bring over a colonial offer, which you very well knew could not be acceptable to the motherland. Since he gave you your invitation and instructions the people of England have pronounced against his policy of blunder and plunder, of war, wastefulness and woe, with no uncertain sound, but you are doubtless entitled to plead that his invitation was not withdrawn by his successors. So far the court is with you. Had you been content to come amongst us merely as exponents of that filial devotion which is traditionally due from the colonies to their beneficent mother, we should have welcomed you with open arms.

But most of you appear to have come with honey on your lips and mischief in your hearts, as mere cat's-paws of that discredited faction which was scattered at the polls and now only lurks in the Lords. At their dictation, and for their sordid objects, you presume to demand, almost with threats, that the poor and needy of these islands shall suffer a sharper pinch of misery, shall sink more deeply in the waters of affliction. And to what end? That your Trusts and your companies and your merchant princes may add an infinitesimal percentage to their bloated stores of wealth. How are we to believe you when you prate of family ties and of family love, when those ties are only to be assured by a dole in cash, when that love is to be proved by a sacrifice of the necessaries of our lives?

Perhaps you may still plead that you do not demand preference. Even so, we shall still need your assurance that you have not come to meddle in our affairs. You already enjoy lavish gifts of self-government and a sense of profound security, neither of which you would retain long if you withdrew from our Empire. You show no signs of gratitude, you make no serious efforts to redeem the obligations under which our magnanimity has placed you. Very well, we do not complain. But you will find that we shall complain loudly, bitterly, and to some purpose, if you attempt to extort any form of imperial council, whereby our laws and our policy shall be controlled by you. Your own people, too, would have just cause for complaint. Are they prepared for the logical corollary of representation? Will they cheerfully submit to contribute their fair share to the imperial exchequer? If this has ever been their dutiful desire they have certainly been very skilful in concealing their benevolence.

Having now dealt with the various dangers involved in your reckless assemblage, I will address you severally with a view to mitigation of your corporate offence. It is not many years since you, Botha, were in arms against the forces of our Crown. You did what you could to avoid a war, throughout which you distinguished yourself alike for courage and humanity. Those qualities would not have availed you had you chanced to fight and lose two thousand years ago. But the British Empire is more merciful than the Roman. Instead of being dragged with contumely through the streets of the capital, you are entrusted with high powers and welcomed as a triumphant hero. Your share in the work of pacification and oblivion has been a great one, and few will fail to appreciate your splendid tribute to the generosity of your conquerors.

As for you, Deakin, the only excuse lies in your ignorance. I cannot believe that you would have become politically prominent in any place but Australia, where culture is absent and public affairs are purely parochial. You are said to be an authority on irrigation, and I can well believe it after listening to the tasteless and colourless floods of your oratory. You seem to be as deplorably lacking in tact as you are in lucidity. When we received you as an impartial exponent of imperial aspirations, what did you mean by venturing to lament the disappearance of Joseph Chamberlain, a discredited partisan? And, pray, what was your meaning when you prattled of "staunching the life-blood of the nation under foreign flags?" Your ignorance is, perhaps, a poor excuse, so I will refer also

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to your insignificance, reminding you that you represent a population smaller than that of London.

You, Jameson, enjoy many distinctions. A hero as well as a Leander, you are responsible for the loss of more lives than any other member of your profession. You are probably the unique example of a man proceeding from a prison-house to a premiership.

About you, Borden, I know very little save that you are another doctor with military tendencies. But you have a friendly face, and, as you are a fisherman, I may credit you with imagination.

You, Ward, are sprung from the ranks, and ought, therefore, to cherish some tender feelings for the workers of this country. But you are a Socialist, and it is therefore not surprising that you should wish to multiply their sorrows. The only excuse I can find for you is that you were brought up in the political school of that blatant and arbitrary humbug, Richard Seddon.

You, Bond, represent the most troublesome and insignificant of our colonies; but there is reason to hope that you will restrict your energies to conversing about cod-fish.

You, Moor, have hitherto conducted yourself with becoming modesty, and I trust that you will persevere in its path.

Although a technical conviction has been returned against you, Laurier, I feel that I must make an enormous differentiation between you and your fellow-prisoners. You are a statesman, an orator, and a gentleman. Your wise advice will always be welcomed by us, and I only wish I could discern a hope of your being able to convert your colleagues.

The judgment of the Court is, and the Court doth award, that you be right royally entertained, so that your minds may be diverted from the consideration of British affairs; that you be fed upon the fat of this land until you sigh for the simple fare of your distant homes; and that you be then transported to the King's plantations beyond the seas, there to attend to your own local affairs.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

A Swallow built Herself a Nest in the Eaves, and there hatched a Brood of Young Birds.

A Naughty Boy seeing them, robbed the Nest and Destroyed it.

The Swallow thereupon flew to a large Public Building and built Herself another Nest, saying:

"This is the Court of Justice. Here My Rights will surely be Protected."

A passing 'Bus Horse heard what she said, and laughed derisively.

"Garn, Silly," he said. "Them ain't the Courts of Justice.

"Them's the Law Courts."

F. W. Thomas.

Dear Madam (or Sir),

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THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

VI.—THE TRAGEDY OF THE GARDEN.

Now is the season for gardening. The man who does not love gardening would rather spend the money on beer. For myself, my garden is my soul. It is the joy of my misspent life, the crown and glory of my earthly happiness. Without my garden I might save money, but I should not kill so many slugs, or chop up so many worms, or massacre so many carterpillars. Nature is a brutal butcher—"red in tooth and claw," as one of the poets has it, and there is but one law in the garden—"Kill or be killed." The result is a welter of blood and horror everywhere, for everywhere one sees the law of life in arms against the law of death.

"I would not enter on my list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm," says the poet Cowper somewhere. Alas and alack! I fear he would not have spoken to me as he passed by. The worm is my enemy. If my garden is to live the worm must die, though he may be more useful than I am. "There's no god dare wrong a worm," said Emerson finely. So be it. I am no god. There is no room in this world for the worm and me—not while I live. When I die, the worm can take its revenge, and welcome. I shall not complain. To-day a man is up in the earth. To-morrow he may be down in it. To-day we kill the worm to save the flower. To-morrow none can kill the worm to save us.

Meanwhile, I slay the worm because it slays. And as I do with the worm, so I do with the slug, and the carterpillar, and the maggot, with weevils, earwigs, aphides, and the rest. One cannot garden without brutal, merciless slaughter, believe me. In the light of the beautiful morning a fair lawn stretches out. Leave it for a month or two to Nature, and all the soft, green carpet-grasses are killed by weeds. There, on border and on wall are opening leaf and flower. Leave them to Nature, and all the leaves are eaten to the stalk by unseen enemies, the buds die before they have displayed their beauty, the roots rot away in the soil. Nature has no humanity. She is not kindly. Every second of every day she brings forth her children only that she may kill. She nurtures only that she may starve. She brings to bloom only that she may blight. The instant a thing has being, that is its first step towards death. Between the plant and death the gardener steps for a little while. Then he too passes like the bloom he treasured and tended so long.

You get into the way of thinking of these things if you take delight in a garden. A kind of blood lust comes over you to kill on suspicion every creeping thing you find in bed or border, on lawn or wall. You hunt for it and dig for it with a sort of holy fervour. Possibly the earwig and the caterpillar and the slug mean no harm, know not that they are doing any harm. They are but fulfilling the law of their being in seeking the food by which alone they can live; and they wish to live, in common with us all. Life is sweet even to a caterpillar. But in gardening you come to think of such creatures as the Frenchman thought when somebody remarked to him: "But, monsieur, one must live?" "*Pourquoi?*" came the answer. "*Ce n'est pas necessaire.*" And so, in the light of the fresh, early morning, and in the falling gloom of the evening, you hunt and slay—here crushing out life between your fingers, there cracking it under your heels.

When I commenced gardening I was merciful. With all modesty, I may say I was the most merciful gardener on earth. I sowed fair and planted fair, and from Nature I asked only that she should play me fair. Instead, she played me false, and played me brutally. The seeds I sowed never germinated in the soil. The plants were eaten away in the borders almost before my eyes. The roses shrivelled up to sapless wood. I remember to this day the tragedy of a dozen beautiful dahlias. At all events the florist from whom I bought them said they were beautiful, and certainly they should have been, for the money I spent on them. For a few short, thrilling days I saw the green leaves. Then an army of slugs, attracted from heaven knows where, fell on them. Under the moon I saw the glistening slime of their tails. But I did not know they were after my dahlias. How should I? Besides, I was merciful; so merciful, that in a fortnight there was not a patch of green to see for my money. So I am merciful no more. I have learnt my lesson. My garden blooms by tragedy. I go forth fiercely in the lust of blood.

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173.
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Is your Figure or Health imperfect in any way not mentioned? Particulars will receive attention Confidentially.
Occupation.
What is your age?
Sex.

Cut this Coupon out and post to me.

OUR JUDGES.

I.—LORD ALVERSTONE, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

Seen in the stately pageant, in full-bottomed wigs and flowing scarlet robes, his Majesty's judges are imposing personages. The philosopher, however, looks beneath the forensic trappings and sees a man, with more or less force of character and mental capacity, trained in the knowledge and practice of the law, and who, through either his merit and prominence at the Bar, or because of certain political services rendered to his party, or sometimes for both reasons, has been elevated to the Bench of the High Court of Justice, and who henceforth exercises, within the law, sovereign power over his fellow subjects. To the honour, however, of all our English judges let it be said that the gold is not coined which could corrupt any of them.

The holder of the highest judicial office in the English Judiciary, Baron Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, has always been one of fortune's prime favourites. The son of Mr. Thomas Webster, Q.C., he had a distinguished career at the University, and there became famous for his scientific knowledge and his prowess as an athlete. He was one of the smartest runners of his time, and was a popular man at Trinity College, Cambridge. Called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1868, he soon acquired a good practice, especially in connection with patent cases, his scientific knowledge helping him materially in this respect. Taking silk at the early age of thirty-six, he was appointed Attorney-General at the age of forty-three, although up to that time he had not been prominent as a politician. Subsequently he sat as a Conservative for the Isle of Wight, which seat he held

The Right Hon. Lord Alverstone, G.C.M.G.

till his appointment to his present office on the death of his great predecessor, Lord Russell of Killowen, in 1900.

While at the Bar the then Richard Webster, afterward Sir Richard, did not appear in many sensational cases. Perhaps the greatest case in which he figured was the Parnell Commission inquiry, and it must be confessed he did not equal his great antagonist, the then Sir Charles Russell. Sir Richard Webster also prosecuted Jabez Balfour, with what success that gentleman had ample time to appreciate. And so Richard Everard Webster, Baron Alverstone, now sits in the seat of Mansfield, of Denman, of Campbell, of Cockburn, and of Coleridge as Lord Chief Justice of England. He sits in their seat, but does he fill it in the sense that his great predecessors did? That is the question members of the Bar sometimes ask themselves. Certainly he fills it corporeally. He is a man of dignified, burly, and imposing presence, with massive features and bulging forehead, every inch an Englishman, but with some of the heaviness of manner of the typical John Bull; moreover, he is on principle a courteous and genial judge, and is deferential to the humblest member of the Bar. There are some cynics who say that this heartiness and geniality of manner is sometimes a little forced and artificial; perhaps occasionally, it may be true, but even so it is always conscientious. Lord Alverstone is too sincere and able a man not to know many of his own limitations, but from the time when he first entered official life at the Bar he resolutely and earnestly set himself the task of being a "popular" man, and he became, and is, as popular with his profession as any man can be who has got to the front. He has got there, but he has wilfully trodden on no man's toes in getting there, and so the appointment of "Dick Webster" was a popular one with the public and with his own profession, and all men wished him well, and do so still. But speaking between themselves members of the Bar often say that "The Chief" has somewhat disappointed their hopes. Lord Alverstone is hard-working, conscientious and learned, but he is not a genius, no spark of lambent flame illumines his countenance, he is quick to master the facts and to grasp the points in a case in the Criminal Courts or at Nisi Prius; but in the realms of analytical law, in such matters as are dealt with in the Divisional Court, he cannot be said to be a great judge as the profession understands the term, nor, indeed, is he regarded as a "safe" judge. Advocates complain that he is sometimes somewhat of a "hustler"; he wants to get on with the case, and to use a technical expression he scarcely ever "bottoms" a point. Many of his judgments may hereafter be cited as good working judgments expressing the current view of lawyers in the beginning of the twentieth century, but none of them, we fear, will be cited as laying down great legal principles, or as illuminating, by either their insight or erudition, the abstruse places of English law, and in this respect Lord Alverstone compares unfavourably wtih such great men as Jessel, Cairns, or Cockburn. There is a favourite expression of Lord Alverstone's which appears and reappears in his judgments. His Lordship says, "Speaking broadly the law on this point is" so-and-so, and by the expression "speaking broadly" he means speaking "loosely." He has not the patience to thresh out and exhaust a point, and too often seizes the first and most obvious explanation, when a little more patience and a little more trouble would have furnished him with the true answer to the legal riddle propounded for solution. It is said that the more learned and patient members of the Bench hesitate to sit with him, they do not appreciate his somewhat slipshod method, and he does not like them to differ from him. These are Lord Alverstone's limitations; but, on the other hand, he manages the work of the judges better than it has been managed for many years, and if he had a larger team of learned brethren on the Bench, and were disposed to give himself more time to find out what the legal points of a case really are and to weigh more carefully the authorities, he would do himself more justice. In the prime of his judicial career, he has the possibility of many more years of service before him, and may yet live to fulfil the hopes of his friends, who are legion. In private life Lord Alverstone is genial and sociable. His country seat is at Cranleigh, near Guildford, where he lives the life of a country gentleman. He sometimes indulges in shooting and angling; billiards is also a favourite game. He is fond of music, and is a connoisseur of old china. On the whole, Lord Alverstone is one of the most versatile men on the Bench, and is sometimes to be seen speaking at a temperance meeting, or taking part in a debate in the House of Lords. In past years he has been a Sunday School teacher, and a singer in the church choir, and has been known to enliven the Bar mess on circuit with a song. We hope he will long live and enjoy his high office in the State.

A PEACE CONFERENCE.

The Lion went to talk of peace,
A sweet smile on his lips;
He said he'd never fight again—
But went on building ships.

The Eagle said, "The notion's new,
But it doth not alarm me;
I'm all for peace"—But still he made
Additions to his army.

The Bear said, "War's an awful thing,
A very sad condition;
Let us disarm!"—And then he bought
Some guns and ammunition.

Upon the self-same theme the Cock
Was quite a fervid harper;
He said he'd cut his claws. He did.
He went and cut them sharper.

How nobly prated they of peace!
But yet you'd scarce believe
That, as they sat there, each one kept
A half-brick up his sleeve.

Richard Morton.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That some stockbrokers have not made a bear living lately.

.....

That the taximeter cabmen favour the issue of an eight-penny piece.

.....

That the new mustard-colour will only be worn by "big pots."

.....

That the "Hoodwink 'em" Taxpayers are rejoicing.

.....

That the Alexandra Palace is not a "p(a)lace within the Act."

.....

That the Paris bakers are not crusty, or given to loafing.

.....

That the West Ham Education Authority have *not* a hard N.U.T. to crack.

.....

That the production of "The Truth" has not raised a Tempest.

.....

That some Commons' sense is to be imported into the House of Lords.

.....

Three boys near Hull found a cartridge, and lit a match to see if anything would happen. It did.

Adrian Ross says the Queen of Spain has introduced the English fashion of open windows, because the Spaniards "want a little air." More new spelling.

A big hotel has tried the experiment of employing British cooks, but has had to fall back on foreigners:
John Bull could royally rule the roast when other cooks were few,
But now the times are out of joint, and he is in a stew!

PROMISCUOUS MISS-Q'S:—
Carpe diem.—Fish day (Friday).
Ad quod damnum.—The condemned cell.
Sub judice.—Waiting to hear the verdict.
In puris naturalibus.—Nothing on.
Resurgam.—Seasickness.
Terra incognita.—Afraid of nothing.
Quid nunc.—Next please!
Ora pro nobis.—Pray for the nobs.
Sine die.—A death warrant.
Salvo jure.—A volley of oaths.
Nisi prius.—Be good.
Mandamus.—An invitation.

Wandsworth Borough Council is advertising for the owner of 21 thick-uns found in a gully. The man who can think of the best reason why they were put in the gully will get the lot.

The Vicar of Farnham recently admonished his congregation because on three occasions, in counting the collections, he found only one coin bigger than a sixpence, "and that was put in by himself." Was it a penny or a half-penny?

DEFINITIONS:—
Life.—A variety entertainment.
Judge.—A retired politician.
Speaker.—One who seldom speaks.
M.P.—Man of Promise.
Parliament.—A popular delusion.
Money.—Tin, brass; a form of religious worship.
Justice.—A clever lawyer.
Marriage.—A perpetual armistice.
Woman.—A term of endearment.
Saint.—A man with a past.
Sinner.—A gentleman with a future.

A greengrocer has been sent to prison for kissing two cooks in the street. Naturally Robert could not allow that.

A bookmaker of Liverpool concealed himself in the chimney. No doubt he was arranging a sweep-stake.

At Brompton County Court a laundry company had to pay rather dearly for losing a lady's night-gowns. The lady naturally wanted some re-dress.

Dr. Schlick's apparatus for steadying ships is supposed to prevent sea-sickness. But we don't think Schlick can help the sick. It's out of his reach.

Extract from a Hemsworth breach of promise case:—
"I only wish I could place one or two kisses on your sweet smiling face, which would remind me of the old corner of the room."
Very sweet. But a face that reminds you of the old corner of the room!

Why is Electricity so Popular?

WHAT IT IS DOING FOR DISEASE.

The wonderful strides that electricity has made in a mechanical way occasion wonder and admiration. Its utility in every branch of industry is almost boundless. Surely this twentieth century is the electrical age.

The real secret of the wonderful effect electricity has upon the human body is embodied in the fact that it is nerve energy. Electricity and nerve force are identical. What is more natural, therefore, than to cure any condition resulting from a lack of nerve force by the infusion of electric energy into the body? The weakened nerves and tissues lack their natural supply, and if some means can be employed whereby this life element can be restored, the chances of a cure are ninety-nine in every one hundred.

The "Ajax" Dry-Cell battery infuses the nerves with its electric life at night while the patient sleeps. It is always charged and ready to give out its power whenever applied to the body. It is a self-charged electric generator, guaranteed in every case, and strong enough to cure any case where electricity can conquer. It cures women as well as men. Thousands have been restored to perfect health through it.

In a recent letter from Mr. John Needham, Elkesley, Retford, is this statement: "In my own case of weakness and Sciatica it has done marvellous things for me." Mr. J. Coward, Chapel Stile, Langdale, near Ambleside, says: "I can honestly say that I have not had a bad stomach since using the 'Ajax' Dry-Cell Battery." Mr. T. Leonard, Staindorp, after a short trial of the battery, wrote: "My health is as good as it was thirty years ago."

A book upon the subject has been published for free distribution among all those interested. It does not cost you a penny, though it is well worth two guineas to anyone who will read it. Drop a postcard or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and you will get the book per return post in a plain sealed envelope. If near enough, call at the office for a free test.—[ADVT.]

£20 to £5,000

CASH ADVANCED PRIVATELY.

WITHOUT SURETY FOR ANY PERIOD.

On approved note of hand in town or country. No preliminary fees. Terms to suit client's convenience. No publicity, delay, or routine.

WILLIAM STANLEY & CO.,
97, Cannon Street, London, E.C. (Opposite Cannon Street Station).
TELEPHONE 7284 WALL.

ENGLAND'S PRIDE

is the excellence of her productions. In the manufacture of Bicycles she stands unrivalled—that is why Coventry Bicycles eclipse all foreign makes in quality of materials, excellence of finish, and lasting capacity.

I sell the Pick of Coventry's best, charging you infinitely less and giving better value than anyone else. You can choose ROVERS, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, CENTAURS, TRIUMPHS, HUMBERS, PROGRESS, PREMIERS, SWIFTS and SINGERS, which I supply on easy payment terms, at pounds below Makers' and Agents' prices. RUDGE-WHITWORTHS from £6 10s. cash. No Bondsman, Security, or Agreements required.

A HIGH GRADE COVENTRY-MADE CYCLE, £3 19 Cash, or 3s. Monthly

Machines on approval. 12 years' guarantee.

Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd.

The World's Largest Cycle Dealer, Dept. J. 4. Coventry.

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS TO-DAY

MONEY
ARTICLES
MADE
CLEAR.

STOCK EXCHANGE JARGON

All Technicalities fully explained in the new

DICTIONARY of STOCK EXCHANGE TERMS.

POST FREE for 3d. stamps of

HALFORD & CO., Palmerston House, London, E.C.

A STRAIGHT TALK
by
A. W. GAMAGE
Managing Director of
A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.,
on the Bicycle War
which is now raging.

WHAT BROUGHT ON THE WAR.
Every year I have in some way or another caused a sensation in the cycling world. I started doing so in the old "bone-shaker" days. Then, when pneumatic tyres came in and cycles sold at almost any price makers chose to put upon them, I sold guaranteed cycles at eight guineas where others asked twelve; and now, when the so-called standard cycles range from five pounds to seven and ten guineas, and even up to fifteen pounds, I started this season by establishing a World's Record in offering a fully-guaranteed All British Standard-size Coventry-made Cycle, in three models, three sizes, for Ladies or Gentlemen, at one price, £3 19s. 9d.

HOW IT WAS DONE!
It wasn't the move of a moment. I had been working for two years bringing to bear all the huge resources of a great factory; using the latest machinery, all the skill of the best British workmen, with all the aid which modern labour and time-saving devices give to raise quality and increase the output; and in placing a huge order well in advance in 1906, I obtained a Coventry-made Cycle for 1907 which set a new standard and caused an uproar in the cycle trade.

THE CYCLE TRADE PAPER'S OPINION!
There are a few Trade Journals which circulate only among cycle dealers. The *Cycle and Motor Trades' Review* is one of the leading ones. In an editorial on the alleged injury done to the trade by my firm in selling such a good cycle at such a low price, this journal said (March 7, 1907):—"We have not the least doubt it is very excellent value indeed for the money, and we do not see anything can be done by the Trade to stop Gamage selling it at the price. Gamage's is a firm with a high-class reputation for the goods they sell, and an equally big reputation as cutters of prices. It is not possible for the agents to compete with Gamage at this price."

WHAT HAS BEEN THE RESULT?
No sooner did I advertise in very plain language, and with an unqualified guarantee, my cycle at £3 19s 9d., than dozens of firms came out with cycles at £3 19s. 6d. and £3 19s. Note, it was all done by them in a few days. Why? Not because they had such a machine ready, but to get a price like Gamage. My offer at £3 19s. 9d. was the result of two years' continuous effort by one of Coventry's greatest factories. The imitators of Gamage do not offer *the machine*, but *imitate the price.*

A CAUTION.

A Firm which obtains your money under false pretences is a menace to the entire community!
Don't buy a cycle on the talk in the advertisement; get the specification and study it minutely. Know not only whom you are buying from, but know just what you are really offered and have a real, tangible chance of getting for your money.
I say again, *get the specification* of others offered you.
I repeat, *study their specification.*
I say it in *your interests and mine.*
Then you'll fully realise why Gamage's offer has troubled the Trade.

HERE IS A MINUTELY DETAILED SPECIFICATION OF GAMAGE'S £3 19 9 GUARANTEED CYCLE.
I challenge the entire Cycle Trade of Great Britain to offer a Cycle to these British standard specification at anything like £3 19s. 9d.

Frame: Finest weldless steel tubing. SIZES:—
GENT.'s, 22, 24, or 26 inch.
LADIES', 20, 22, or 24 inch.
Handle-Bars: Flat, Upturned, or North Road as desired.
Saddle: Genuine Middlemore or Lamplugh spring roadster.
Wheels: 28 by 1¼, built of tangent spokes and genuine Westwood plated rims.
Free Wheel: Genuine Perry frictionless ball-bearing.
Hubs: Oil-retaining and dust-proof.
Bearings: Specially hardened steel ball bearings throughout.
Chain: Genuine Perry, hardened steel rollers, ½ inch pitch, ⅛ inch wide.
Pedals: Genuine Brampton ball-bearing, screw-in rubber or rat-trap as desired.
Cranks: 7 inch square taper pattern, highly plated.
Tyres: Our own well-known "Holborn" Roadster or Midland Tyre Co.'s as preferred.
Gear: 74 for Gent.'s, 62 for Ladies'; others to order.
Brakes: Back and front rim brakes on new roller-lever principle, or, if preferred, we will fit genuine "New Departure" or "Eadie" coaster hubs, no extra charge.
Fork Crown: Our own handsome slope-shoulder design, far stronger than the old pattern.
Finish: Best jet black enamelling, and all usual parts highly plated on copper.
Outfit: Tools and oilcan included.

Now I have spoken plainly, come in and see the cycle; but if you cannot, then write us for our Art Booklet, containing photographic illustrations, and hints and tips on the use and care of a cycle.

The MARKET PLACE of the WORLD.
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

We trust the Colonial Conference will work smoothly. It has many delegate matters to discuss.

A man named Speedy, described as "without bounce," has been engaged at the Hippodrome to dive from the roof. "Bouncing" would be rather awkward.

A lady writes to a contemporary asking "the best way to hang nice dresses in wardrobe cupboards?" We submitted the question to Mrs. Bull, and now we wish we had not. She said, "First get your nice dresses."

Several remarkable deaths are reported from America. In one case a man swallowed a two-foot rule and died by inches; in another a woman swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees; another drank a gallon of whisky, dying in good spirits; while, finally, using a revolver caused a man to go off suddenly.

There is no accounting for tastes. A Fleet-street policeman found a starving man and took him to the station, where he ate ravenously "all that was given to him." As we are told this included an old overcoat and a pair of shoes—policeman's shoes!—well, he *must* have been hungry, poor chap.

If anyone knows Miss Jekatenna Vassiljevna Lebedkina, or words to that effect, please ask her to communicate with "Perfitz," and so on, Lancaster Gate. If the rest of her name is not removed, it will be sold to defray expenses.

Birmingham is running a Sweated Industries Exhibition. The Imperial Parliament ought to be represented.

A defendant at Bow despondingly told the magistrate "he should have to pay, as the other side had an army of liars against him." However, he won, so the other side could only have been auxiliary forces.

The reason why most people buy new clothing in April is not because of the Easter holidays or the fine weather, but because of the huge rents torn from them in March.

Pakefield Lighthouse, described as suitable for a bungalow residence, has been sold by auction. It must be either a very low lighthouse, or a very high bungalow.

We notice a rare edition of the "Golden Legend" sold for £100, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The old method of spelling, no doubt.

Why pay 4½d. for "The Storyteller," when you can buy JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS for 3d.?

The Bishop of Truro is good enough to fancy that journalists must be almost as hardworked as bishops. We are open to a swop!

"What is a safe investment?" asks the *Express*. The current issue of JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS, of course.

"Our Boots make you Smart," advertises a firm of shoemakers. Nothing like candour.

A stowaway.—The glutton.
A large snowdrop.—An avalanche.
Bill of the play.—Bill Shakespeare.
Many happy returns make a good tennis player.
If all's well that ends well, how about the hornet?

"My first purchase is the last," said the cobbler who was starting in business.

Southampton is to have no more Sunday band concerts on its pier, because "it entails labour on musicians and others." We wonder if choirs, organists, and harmonium players will be included in the prohibition!

A young man at Manchester has been committed for trial for rendering a policeman unconscious by a blow on the head. It was a clumsy way of going about it. He should have slipped half-a-sovereign in the Bobby's hand.

Professor Masterman asserts that "people who have learnt to laugh at the right things have learnt the art of life." Hence these "Bulls-eyes."

Several readers want to know whether the New He-brides is a nickname for the Suffragettes.

Statistics on the tobacco growth in Ireland are not encouraging. A bird's-eye view of the situation convinces us to expect light returns.

We read, "Skeleton of Irish Warrior Chief Discovered in a Cave," and further on, "About a dozen large stone slabs covered the mouth." If this refers to the skeleton he must have been an M.P.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[John Bull *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

A correspondent tells us that he took a passage to Canada by the Allan Line and paid £1 deposit. For perfectly good reasons he is unable to make the passage, and is "hardly in a position to lose £1." He says he would willingly transfer the ticket for 10s. The offer is perfectly genuine, and should any one of our readers be wanting a ticket of the kind we shall be happy to place him in communication with our correspondent.

W. B. L. (Hampstead). Not so funny as the gentleman who said "Friends—I will not call you 'ladies and gentlemen,' for I have known you so long."

J. T. (Sheffield).—Thanks for cutting, but not much in it.

"Yankee" (London).—All right, old chap. We are not *really* so very moral.

W. H. (Brondesbury Park).—Tell us another.

T. J. (Curnyorse) writes that the correct spelling of the name of the Welsh village referred to in our recent postcard to the Rev. Mr. Hugh Pritchard, of Anglesey, is Flanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwelllandessilliogogogoch. Of course it is. We cannot understand how we made the mistake.

"Buan" (Mawrth) confirms this by means of a picture postcard.

E. E. (Merthyr) is another Welsh correspondent. He wants to know the cost of producing a twelve-page paper. It all depends upon the size of the paper, its quality, and its type. Better get an estimate from a local printer. John Bull costs half a million sterling per week. We lose a farthing on every copy we sell—but it's the quantity that pays.

W. R. (South Norwood).—You should have registered the letter, and then *Answers* could not say they didn't receive it.

J. R. (Banff) sends a cutting from the *Aberdeen Journal* to the effect that the Fraserburgh Town Council have decided to issue circulars and posters warning the public against the evils of alcoholic drinks. Well, they'll have to pay the expense out of their own pockets. Perhaps that will steady them.

B. B. (Leicester) has been the victim of a very stupid and objectionable practical joke. Recently a friend obtained from a schoolboy a leaf out of a pledge book issued by the Temperance Society, and sold by them at 1d. per book. He forged B. B.'s name to the pledge, and posted it along with a letter to the Temperance Society, the contents of which were about as follows:—"Having been addicted to the use of alcohol for a number of years I have been induced to sign the enclosed pledge. Please write informing me of a local Band of Hope, the influence of which would no doubt be of great assistance to me in maintaining the resolutions made." The result of this has been very annoying. Several gentlemen are continually calling at his house during B. B.'s absence, and while his wife flatly contradicts it, they still maintain that he has signed one of their pledges. And now he has received a notification to be at a certain Band of Hope at 8 o'clock on a certain evening to receive a blessing and join with them in prayer, "along, I suppose," says B. B., "with 20 or more dirty little boys." B. B. is naturally much annoyed, and wishes to know what he can do. His only remedy is an action for libel against the perpetrator of the joke—if he can discover him.

"Chelt" (Cheltenham).—See answer to C. R. W. At any rate, you see that advertisements do not close our lips. Let 'em all come.

Pensimmous (London).—Funny, but we mustn't joke about memorial notices. They are usually silly, but the sentiment is a sweet one.

Nemo (South Shields) sends us a copy of the *Christian Herald* of April 23rd, 1896, containing prophecies of the world coming to an end in Passover week, 1908. Well, we've got another year, so take in an extra copy of John Bull, and that will give you a new lease of life.

"Customs" (London) writes:—"The Government might obtain some interesting results from a little spade work on the Higher Establishment of the Civil Service. Several worms may be turned up. (1) To what extent in the service are Principalships of Government Departments regarded as asylums for gentlemen who are totally ignorant of the nature of the work performed by their department? (2) To what extent in the service does the system obtain of two or more officials, with salaries closely approaching that of the Principal, and without any specified duties, 'striving to perform the arduous duties' of the said Principal?" Perhaps "Customs" will send us a few examples.

F. J. W. (Witley Bay) gives his experience of Collingwood's. He put a stop to the trick by asking the canvasser to allow him to see the signature on the slip to ascertain if it was correct, and then refusing to return it. He asks if he was justified in doing this. Under the circumstances, we think so, but a better plan would have been to call in the police.

A Lunatic from Twickenham sends us another copy of "Bishop Lawrence's" prayer. Its postal value has dropped to a ha'penny!

"Indignant" (Winslow) writes complaining of the methods of the "National Home Employment Association," Albemarle Works, Hounslow. We have already warned our readers against this concern.

Drink and Enjoy

LIPTON'S TEA

The Finest the World can Produce.

Tea Merchants

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

GOLD MEDAL, ST. LOUIS.

By Special Appointment.

BUY FROM THE GROWERS.
NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.
NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of some of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering several thousands of acres.

LIPTON, Ltd.,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEAS

THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

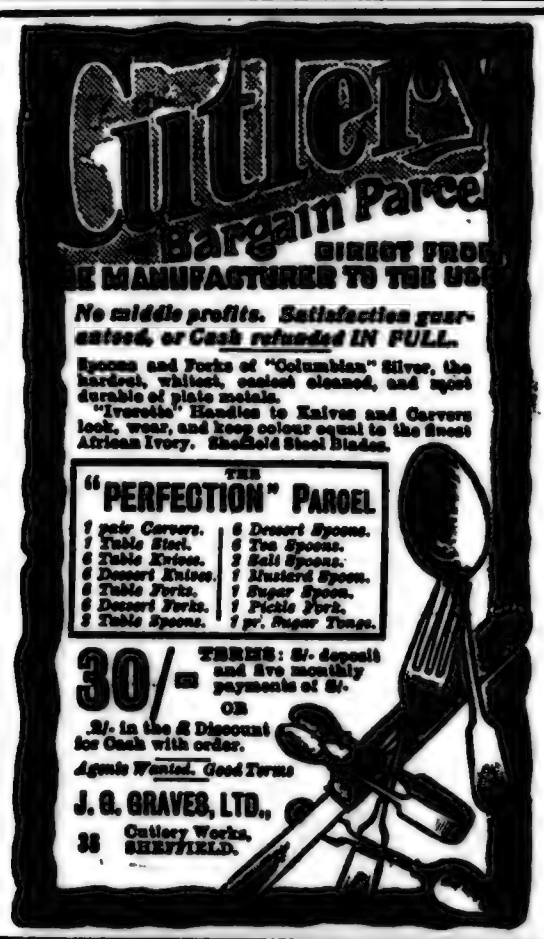
BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK

&

WHITE"

THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE


Cutlery
Bargain Parcel
DIRECT FROM
THE MANUFACTURER TO THE USER
No middle profits. Satisfaction guaranteed, or Cash refunded IN FULL.
Spoons and Forks of "Columbian" Silver, the hardest, whitest, easiest cleaned, and most durable of plate metals.
"Ivorette" Handles to Knives and Carvers look, wear, and keep colour equal to the finest African Ivory. Sheffield Steel Blades.
THE "PERFECTION" PARCEL
1 pair Carvers.
1 Table Steel.
6 Table Knives.
6 Dessert Knives.
6 Table Forks.
6 Dessert Forks.
6 Table Spoons.
6 Dessert Spoons.
6 Tea Spoons.
2 Salt Spoons.
1 Mustard Spoon.
1 Sugar Spoon.
1 Pickle Fork.
1 pr. Sugar Tongs.
30/-
TERMS: 5/- deposit and five monthly payments of 5/-
OR
2/- in the £ Discount for Cash with order.
Agents Wanted. Good Terms
J. G. GRAVES, LTD.,
Cutlery Works,
SHEFFIELD.

BIRKBECK BANK.

Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque-Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

THE RELIANCE TRADERS' ASSOCIATION

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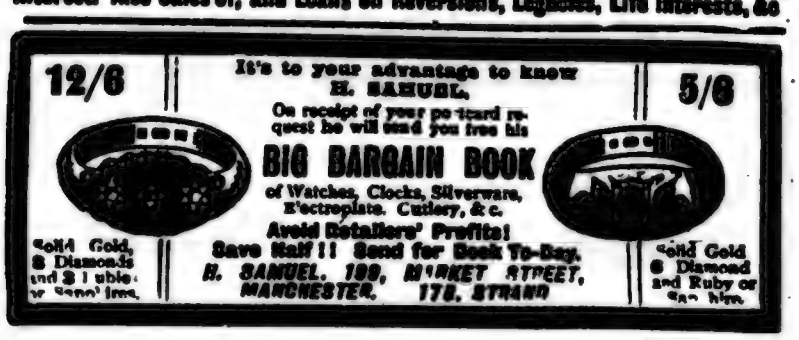
Negotiates the Purchase and Sale of Businesses of Every Description.
Arranges Advances on Real and Personal Property at the Lowest Possible Interest. Also Sales of, and Loans on Reversions, Legacies, Life Interests, &c.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On receipt of your postcard request he will send you free his
BIG BARGAIN BOOK
of Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Electroplate, Cutlery, &c.
Avoid Retailers' Profits!
Save Half!! Send for Book To-Day.
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5/6

E. E. N. (Dulwich).—Atheists, as a rule, do not flaunt their creed. Of course; all depends upon definitions. See our editorial notes.

A. H. (Lancs).—We have frequently advised persons wishing to learn ad.-writing to study the hoardings, to use their own ingenuity, and not to pay for a course of lessons at any so-called school. In any case, we do not think there is much demand in this country for professional ad.-writers.

"JAMES CROW" (Hucknall Torkard).—How dare you steal Jim's name. We have read your "Whispers," but what do you want us to say about the Conscience Money? We wish somebody would send us some.

H. S. (Nottingham) asks us what he calls a riddle: "If a brick weighs a pound and half a brick, what would a brick and a half weigh?" If this be a riddle, we give it up. If it is supposed to be an arithmetical problem it must be restated, as there is no such weight as "half a brick." Does H. S. know the one about a herring and a half? It is nearly as novel and ingenious.

C. E. S. (Hammersmith).—The Editor of the *Daily Mirror* would have indigestion, but the following cuttings are characteristic:—

"Hardy and honest fishermen have broken down, and, with tears in their eyes, refused £1 a day to do the work" of removing the carcases of sheep from a wreck.

And, referring to the Rayner case:—

". . . The officials relaxed their habitual sternness when they heard that so far all was well with mother and child."

This does seem to be a tearful age.

"CHURCHEND" (Finchley) sends us the *Daily Mail* weather forecast for March 31 and April 1: "Decidedly less settled weather is forecasted for the week-end. A showery, April-like type will prevail generally." As a matter of fact, those days were exceptionally beautiful. But that was not Lord Northcliffe's fault.

"JOHN BULLER" (Grimsby) sends an announcement of "Three Hours' Agony" at St. Paul's Cathedral on Good Friday, and seems to imagine this refers to the sermon. We award him the biscuit which he proposes for the author of the announcement.

H. A. W. (Wimbledon).—An employer is not justified in docking a weekly wage because no work was done on Good Friday, which is a Bank Holiday. Whittaker Wright died in the summer of 1904. Glad you like our OVER-SEAS edition.

C. R. (Rushden).—You should write Sir Joseph Ward at the Hotel Cecil, Strand, London. His home address is 122, Tinakori Road, Wellington, New Zealand.

MR. WALTER HUNT, to whom we recently addressed a post-card, assures us that he was in no way responsible for his nomination as a guardian, or the description given of him as "Chimney-sweeper and author." He further assures us that he has no intention of poaching upon our preserves just yet, as he is "very well content with the brush." And then he cruelly taunts us with the fact that "the sweep has generally finished his little bit by mid-day," whilst we are "puzzling our poor brains for something startling for our next issue." He also sends us a copy of his book, entitled "Are we a Declining Race?" We are, we are, we are.

F. G. C. (East Greenwich) being in need of a situation, was induced by the "National Employment Agency" (of which Mr. J. R. Barker is apparently manager), of Alvaston, Derby, to send them a fee of a guinea. Writing him on January 1st, they say: "We will absolutely guarantee to find you a suitable situation on payment of a fee of 21s., and we further agree to return the fee *in full*, if not successful within *one month* of receipt of fee." On February 9th they asked for a further 14 days in which to obtain the situation; on February 16th they offer to return the guinea "on payment of half the expenses to which they have been put"; on February 25th they are awaiting a reply from a prospective employer; on February 28th they offer 12s. 6d. to settle the matter; and on March 2nd they inform our correspondent that they will proceed against us if we publish any complaint from him. Halloa, Halloa, Halloa!

J. C. (Woking) protests against our remarks about Rayner. He says "Mr. Whiteley's murderer has evidently been reprieved for two sentimental reasons:—(1) He may have believed that he was shooting his own father! As though parricide were an extenuating circumstance in homicide. (2) His poor young wife! But of what use is it to a poor young wife that she shall continue to possess a husband who is undergoing penal servitude for life? He cannot cherish her or even maintain her. Indeed his continuance in this world prevents her from accepting any of the marriage offers which her recent notoriety would doubtless have obtained for her. No doubt excuses could be found for most murderers. Either they were provoked or mad or degenerate. But why let off those who contrive to attract public attention and not let off the others? I will answer my own question. The Home Secretary thinks he will please all the maudlin people who have been clamouring for the murderer's respite. With Mr. Gladstone it is not a question of justice or even sentiment, but of votes." J. C. is also very angry with the Sheriff of Hull, who thanked God there were people ready to give their lives to rid the world of pests of society, like White and Whiteley. "Who is to decide whether a man is a pest of society?" he asks; "Is the 'unwritten law' to be included in our code? If so, only the strictest Pharisees will be safe from the attacks of assassins." We are always willing to hear all sides, but what we have said we have said.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

Query.
What *are* the obligations of N.H. stewards nowadays?

A Game of its Own.
Grand National horses are rarely any good elsewhere—and *vice versâ*.

A Worker.
Orpington has contested over one hundred races, winning just 25 per cent. He ran thirty-three times in one year, and over twenty times last season.

It Tells on Them.
How bloodlike many of our jumpers are when they first come to the game, but what awkward, angular, common-looking "wretches" they soon become at it!

Punchestown, etc.
One of these days I mean going over to see what I am told is real 'chasing, such as that of last week's in Ireland, piloted by one or two of our Hibernian jockeys who know the ropes,

Not their Game.
A French horse has only once won the National—forty-five years ago—and he had the extremely English name of Huntsman. But since its institution, sixty-nine years since, the Liverpool race has fallen to thirty-two Irish bred or trained animals.

For the Little Ones.
With the very ready consent of the Lord Mayor, I have decided to devote the proceeds of my next Jockeys v. Athletes Cricket Match at the Oval, on July 1st, to the fund now being raised for crippled London children.

A "Double."
A propos of the undoubted insecurity for backers at many meetings, it should be considered that a racegoer pays his sovereign for the ring to watch the racing—not to need to keep his eyes on the man he has betted with. But he often has to.

Will be Spic and Span Next Week.
The roof of the famous substantial, but very faultily, built Epsom stands, has been in the workmen's hands, having new seating placed upon it, while the white rails at various portions of the course have, wherever damaged, been replaced by new posts, which stand out conspicuously in colour against the older fencing.

Our "Footer" Grounds.
It is a pity, but a fact, that the venue of Saturday's final of the Association Cup—the Crystal Palace—is somewhat unsuitable in case of wet, for there is very little shelter. And there is bound to be a big outcry the first Cup tie final date that is very wet. Have we in truth ANY really proper ground (bar perhaps Chelsea) for such matches, where "reserved seats" are not soaked and unfit to use, or other horrible disadvantages are paramount? I don't expect "drawing-room" furniture or a red carpet down. Football enthusiasts are used to "roughing" it, and not afraid of "soiling their feet." But is the accommodation provided QUITE commensurate with the high charges, and isn't there much that *might* be reasonably done that *isn't* attempted? The stands at Queen's Club, for instance—bar the Press box—are in the very worst position for football, being either in one corner or—fancy it, ye enthusiasts—behind the goal-posts.

Breeders, Hurry Up.
It is intended to allow Wargrave only 20 mares during this, his first season, besides three of his owner's. Already 18 of the 20 public nominations have been taken.

Their Bread-winner.
It is remarkable how some small stables, season after season, can always manage to "find" at least one good horse. Others with three times the number of boxes well filled never seem able to get hold of anything good. In the first-named category comes the very shrewd, but small (if substantial), coterie known as Fred Hunt's division for Wylye, Winchester. In the main Hunt is a trainer of jumpers, and for nearly ten years now has taken up the same career and same colours as his late father, and with, if possible, even greater success, and the display of at least equal sagacity each winter season. What Bill Dollery, or, more recently, W. Taylor, rode in the green and orange cap, was always feared when really fancied. Sweetheart III., Baron Fobdown, and, this season, Evasive, will be recalled, for each winter Fred Hunt has found a useful jumper or two. On the flat it has been the same, and most often, but substantially two or three coups at intervals recall the clever opinion of the directors of the Winchester stable. It is not so long since the Undine colt used to win first nurseries, and then spring handicaps, usually at Sandown or Windsor, the latter always one of Fred Hunt's favourite and lucky grounds. Then he had Out of Sight, who gradually improved into being a champion sprinter, and two seasons ago Athleague was a crack favourite in the colours. This season already he has found Little Flutter, who won at Newbury on Saturday in a style and under a weight that unquestionably proved him to be the best two-year-old as yet seen out, and when he won the Little John Plate at Nottingham the week previously he was the medium of a real heavy plunge, and won it in a way that such gambles ought to come off, to prevent giving backers a heart and headache. Little Flutter is quite a small horse, a black-pointed brown on short legs, and a thick horse who looks like wearing and staying. Besides being a good trainer,

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The writer of these notes is added

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From the Publisher, "John Bull,"
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Fred Hunt is also a good dealer, and may therefore be tempted by a big offer from a big "pot" to buy a ready-made horse to carry some popular jacket. But Hunt will realise that the colt, probably not heavily engaged, for he is most unfashionably bred, is now exposed, and will never be the good medium for gambling such as they like, or at a price which they so astutely manipulate to get.

The Pleasures (?) of Racing.

A very true definition of racing, as far as backers are concerned, would be that it is all aggravation and annoyance. Everything unexpected and "impossible" happens, and everything wins just when it shouldn't, or, on form, could not. The regular becomes inured to these ups and downs and disappointments, but they are, nevertheless, mortifying. Is there ever a case of a backer "missing" a horse after a week's, probably a whole season's strict following, that it wins? How invariably, when in doubt as to the choice between two, do we leave out the wrong one, viz., the eventual winner, while there is nothing more maddening than to gamble on something one day, and very shortly afterwards to find that the same animal, probably down the course the previous time, pops up and beats the horse now carrying one's coin and confidence. I wonder how many people backed Irma at Alexandra Park ten days ago, when Mr. Godfrey Miller's little filly, put about as a "good thing," started a hot favourite. She was beaten, without any apparent excuse, by a rank bad horse such as Gay Paris, who just seven days earlier had been easily "downed" by a solitary opponent in a 40 sov. hurdle race at Plumpton, and Gay Paris was now giving weight for age. Further, Irma, being small and weedy, was, therefore, just the handy animal of tradition for the Alexandra Park twists and turns, for I can hardly term it a race-course. What was the sum total of this to the cutest possible mind—viz., that Irma is bad. At Newbury last Saturday, just seven days after Alexandra Park, Irma is again in a similar weight for age stake, but among apparently much better class animals. Now, however, she meets a useful three-year-old like Drusus, well-tried and very much respected by one of the cleverest coteries in existence. In consequence, all the "trade" go for Drusus, and all the good money at a short price goes into the bookmakers' volumes for Sir Charles Nugent's charge. In the result Irma wins from end to end in a canter, and Drusus gets badly away. Another very similar instance is that of Lustleigh, regarding whom almost anyone at Kempton on Easter Monday must have heard the most glaring accounts that Mr. Singer's horse was an absolute stone certainty for a paltry little six furlong handicap, in which he was one of the bottom weights, thoroughly fit and ridden by Trigg. He got off all right, but was horribly badly beaten into third place by Master Hopson, giving him nearly a stone, and Marozzo, giving him nearly two stone. The deduction again is that Lustleigh does not put it all in, is a different horse at home, or has been horribly overrated. The usual result finally accrues, for next time out, in a race for which he has been handicapped prior to Kempton, and, therefore, on some 10lb. worse terms than would have been the case were the weights allotted subsequent to Easter Monday, Lustleigh wins hard held in a £500 event, beating some of the top class handicap horses like Crescent, Rifleite, etc. How many of his Kempton backers, I wonder, backed Lustleigh at Newbury, or, as the saying goes, put him "on the course" at all?—and this is exactly racing, and exactly how we poor backers, planning and scheming, studying and working out the form, listening to tips and busying ourselves, fall a prey to our friends the enemy, who do not receive tips, go by the book, or need anything but a loud, alluring voice, a big s.p. connection, a capacious volume, and a well-sharpened pencil.

Prophetic.

At Newmarket to-day (Thursday) The Rialto may win his race, and at Derby Bill of the Play and Performance should be followed. I must also—exactly ten days ahead, and before there is any settled market or list of runners—deal with the City and Sub. If he goes for it—and is backed—

Prince of Orange

would be my choice, for he is a "class" horse, and this a terribly poor year. He may compete before these notes appear, at Newmarket, so "what happens" in the interim must be one's guide. The danger—on the Newbury form—is Larino, who, I think, ought to have won there, and would have done so had the race been as long as this, although the courses are so dissimilar.

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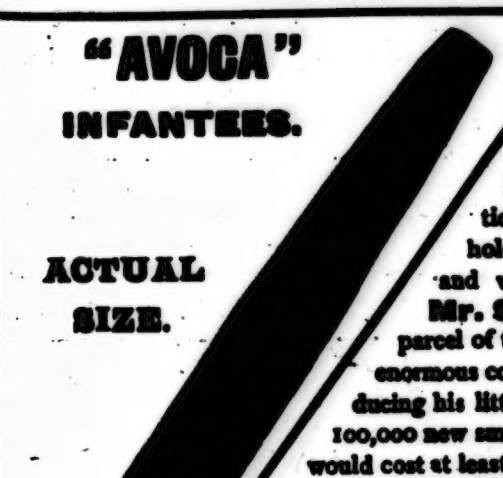

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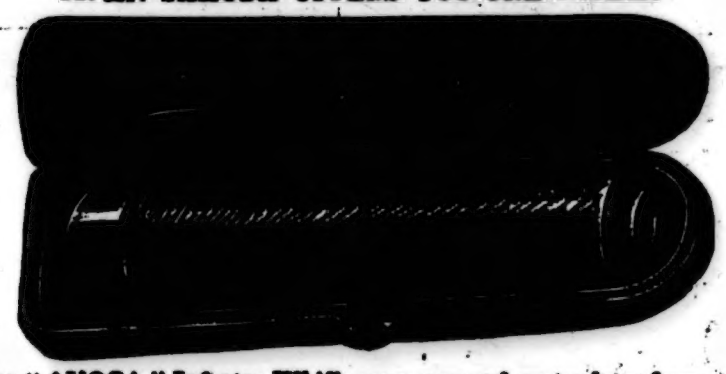

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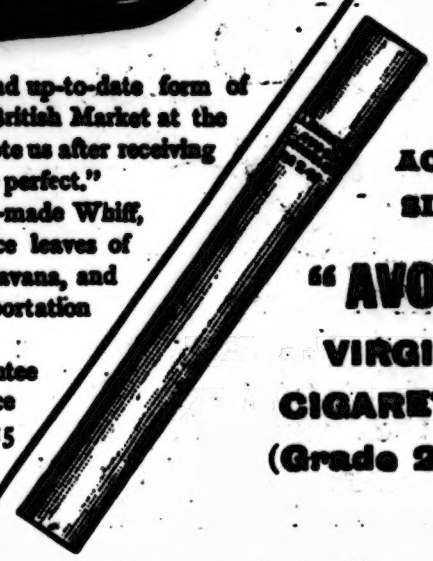

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